the PARIS REVIEW

12

WILLIAM
AULKNER
an interview

fiction contest
RIZE WINNERS

ugenio Montale

drawings by
JEAN JONES
and
OTTAVIANO

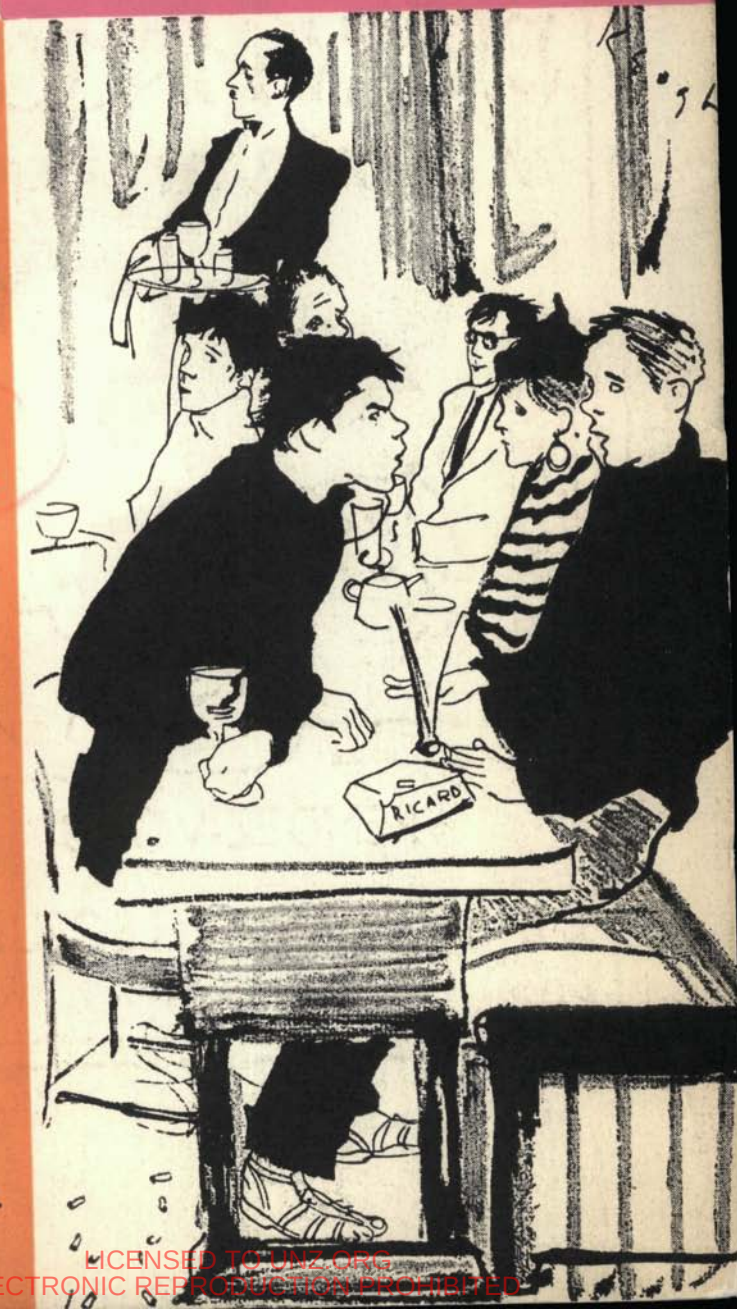
W. S. Merwin

Notes
from Morocco

SPRING 1956

75 ¢ 4/-

200 frs



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LES DEUX MAGOTS

A S^{T}-GERMAIN-DES-PRES

RENDEZ-VOUS DE L'ELITE INTELLECTUELLE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LEFT BANK ART GALLERIES

L'Antiquaire, 220, Blvd. St. Germain. 18th and 19th century painting, antiques. Wide selection of beautiful pieces.

Ceramiques, 7, rue des Sts. Pères, 6e. Pierre Bedel is a potter, an artisan who designs and creates traditional and modern French ceramics and pottery in his studio.

Dina Vierny, 36, rue Jacob, 6e. *Maillol,* sculpture, drawings. "Peintres École de Paris".

Doria, 1, Place Alphonse-Deville, 6e, Lit. 67–17. Exhibitions of contemporary painters. Water colours, etchings, "dry point".

Galerie Furstenberg, 4, rue Furstenberg, 6e. Exhibitions of contemporary painters, with a penchant for the fantastic and mysterious. *Max Ernst, Zev, Tanguy,* etc.

Galerie de l'Institut, 6, rue de Seine, 6e, Ode. 32–90. Directed by Marise Levesque. Artistes contemporains et antiquites. Important collections.

Jacquart, 40, rue des Sts. Peres, 7e. Specializes in the earlier contemporary artists. *Segonzac, Despiau, Marie Laurencin,* etc.

Mazarine, 34, rue Mazarine, 6e. Contemporary painters of diverse schools, from impressionism to abstract modern.

Aux Musées d'Europe, 64, rue de Seine, 6e. Reproductions, colors, etc. in post card to full size, of entire history of art from prehistoric to modern abstract. Catalogues or orders mailed to U.S. "Established 1903".

Photographie Giraudon, 9, rue des Beaux Arts, 6e, Dan. 93–83. Offers you complete photo-reproduction service for the arts, history, and archaeology. Our classification system facilitates research, expedites orders. Color transparencies, slides & prints, Ektachrome & Kodachrome.

Touzet, 8, rue des Beaux Arts, 6e. Old masters. French and European paintings of 19th century. Drawings.

THE PARIS REVIEW, Inc. 2 Columbus Circle, New York, New York.
Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PARIS REVIEW PRIZE FOR FICTION

The editors take great pleasure in announcing the winners of The Paris Review Fiction Prize, established through the generosity of his Highness Prince Aga Khan for the advancement of contemporary literature.

First Prize ($500)

Gina Berriault	Around the Dear Ruin
John Langdon	The Blue Serge Suit

Second Prize ($100)

Owen Dodson	The Summer Fire

Honorable Mention

Robert Bingham	The Heir
Evan S. Connell Jr.	At The Crossroads
Jack Cope	Kalahari Rose
Ken Eisler	Come January
William Fain	At The Pool
Nadine Gordimer	Face From Atlantis
Frederic Morton	Abby In Andalusia
John Schultz	A Parable
Terry Southern	South's Summer Idyll
George Steinbrecher	The Desert
Lawrence Sturhahn	The Democrat
Anthony Whittier	Gull Pond Is A Half-Mile Wide
Richard Yates	A Wrestler With Sharks

The $500 first prize has been divided between Gina Berriault and John Langdon whose stories received the same number of votes from the judges. Their stories, together with Owen Dodson's *The Summer Fire*, appear in this issue. Selections from the list of honorable mention stories will be published in future numbers of this magazine. The judges for the contest were Saul Bellow, Brendan Gill, and Hiram Haydn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PARIS REVIEW

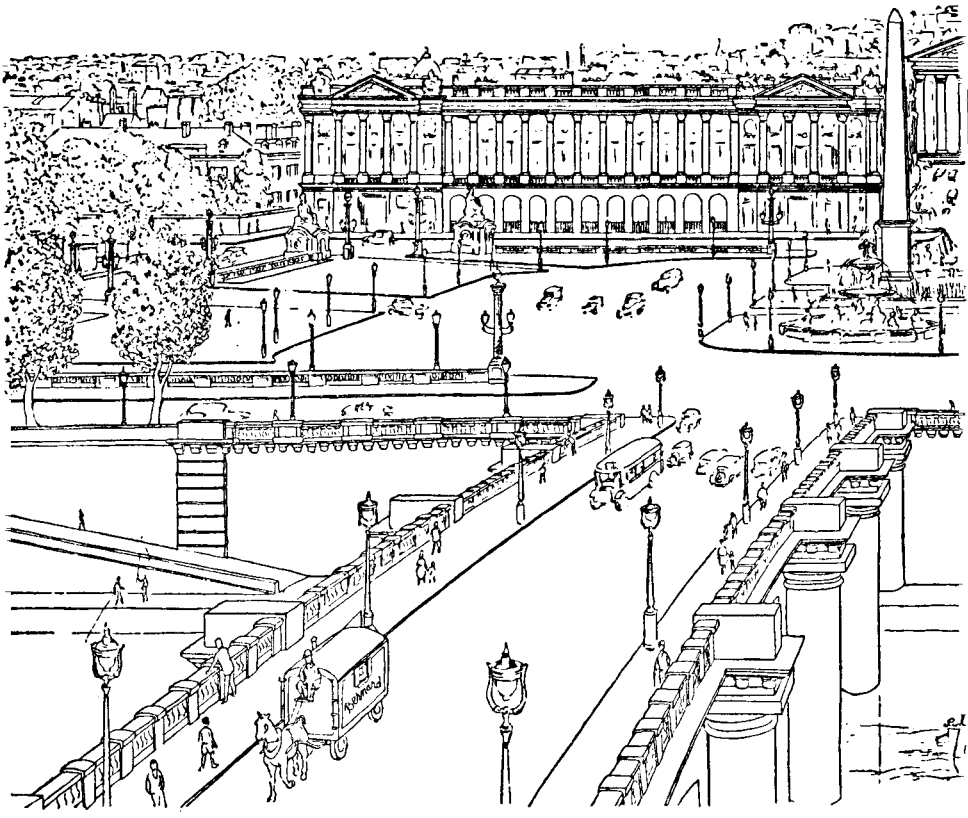
Publisher	SADRUDDIN AGA KHAN
Editors	GEORGE A. PLIMPTON, PETER MATTHIESSEN, DONALD HALL, ROBERT B. SILVERS
Editor (USA)	THOMAS H. GUINZBURG
Feature Editor	JEAN STEIN
Associate Editors	EUGENE WALTER, BLAIR FULLER
Editorial Assistants	LILLIAN VON NICKERN, JEANNE ALBERT, MARION CAPRON, HARRIET CRAIN, ANALOU HUMES, ELIZABETH LEPPERT
Advisory Editors	ANDRÉ BAY, HAROLD L. HUMES, BEN JOHNSON, ARCHIBALD MACLEISH, JOHN PHILLIPS, MAX STEELE, WILLIAM STYRON
Editors in absentia	WILLIAM PÈNE DU BOIS, JOHN P. C. TRAIN

The Paris Review is published four times a year by the Paris Review, Société à Responsabilité Limitée au capital de 500.000 frs. 75 cents, 4 shillings, 200 francs a copy; 3 dollars, 16 shillings, or 800 francs for an annual subscription. For payment in francs in non-European countries: 1000 francs for an annual subscription. Postal cheque number in France: 9749-63. Vol. 4, N° 12. Numero de presse 26.295. Spring issue 1956. Publication office, c/o Librairie Stock, 6 Rue Casimir Delavigne, Paris 6, France. Editorial and distribution offices, 2 Columbus Circle, New York 19, N. Y. Distributed in the U. S. A. by the Eastern News Company. Representative in England: R. Manning Ltd., 172 Fleet Street, London E. C. 4. Printed in the Netherlands by N.V. Drukkerij G. J. Thieme, Nijmegen.

All fiction manuscripts from the U. S. A. should be submitted to the New York editorial offices; all poetry manuscripts from the U. S. A. to Donald Hall, c/o the New York editorial offices. No responsibility can be taken for manuscripts not accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes (or by International Postage coupons, available at any post-office).

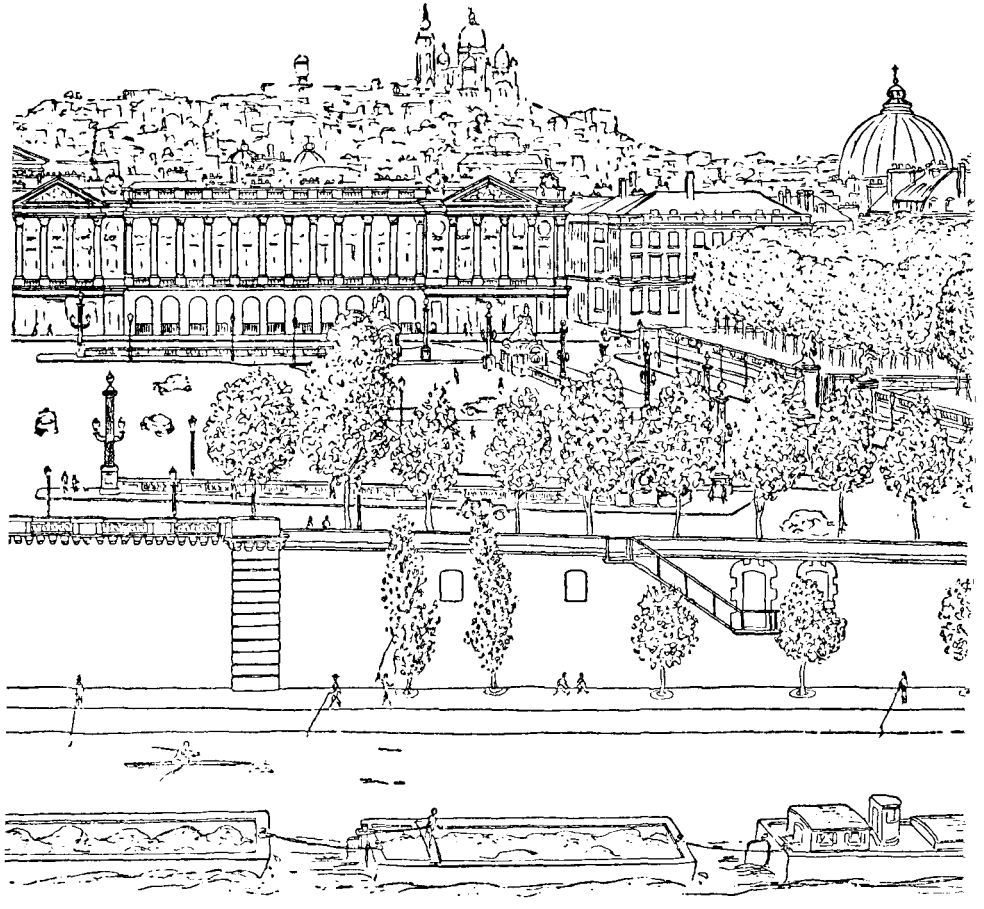
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PARIS



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REVIEW



6 RUE CASIMIR-DELAVIGNE, PARIS

172 Fleet Street, London — 2 Columbus Circle, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NUMBER TWELVE

Fiction

JOHN LANGDON

The Blue Serge Suit 8

(Illustrated by William Marshall)

OWEN DODSON

The Summer Fire 63

(Illustrated by Oliver Harrington)

GINA BERRIAULT

Around the Dear Ruin 81

(Illustrated by Stig Claesson)

Interview

WILLIAM FAULKNER

The Art of Fiction 28

Portfolios

OTTAVIANO 54

(Introductory note by Pierre Schneider)

JEAN JONES 94

Chronicle

CHRISTOPHER WANKLYN

Notes from Morocco 116

(Illustrated by Robert Jefferson)

Poetry

HELEN NEVILLE

Sonnet 24

W. S. MERWIN

The Station 25

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANDREW GLAZE
St. Jerome 53
EUGENIO MONTALE
Nuove Stanza 60
(Translated by Ben Johnson and James Merrill)
BARBARA DEMING
Song 78
DAVID LOUGEE
Her Country Place 79
STEPHEN ORGEL
Fiesole 1560 93
THOM GUNN
Julian the Apostate 100
Nature of an Action 101
ROBERT LAYZER
Cupid Aloft 103
FREDERICK WILL
Three Snow Moods 104
JOHN HOLLANDER
Enter Machiavel Waving his Tail 106
JAMES SCHEVILL
The Toad and the Poet 108
ROLF FJELDE
Expedition of a Child 109
PHILIP BOOTH
Seadog and Seal 110
STEPHEN BERG
A Natural Death 111
HAROLD WITT
Arachne 112
JINNY JOSEPH
Out of Sight of Land 115
GEORGE KELLY
The Deserted Chapel of the Holy Ghost 116

(Cover by Tom Keogh, Frontispiece by William Pène du Bois, Contents page by Shirley Morgan Taylor)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN LANGDON

THE BLUE

Father was still drinking on Saturday, a few days before the Junior highschool graduation. He hadn't worked in over a month and he had been drinking nearly two weeks.

He looked terrible. His face, which was a lean hard brown when he wasn't drinking, was puffed and red. His eyes were bloodshot, his one popeye stuck out more than ever, and he needed a shave. But his hands shook too bad to use his straight razor and ordinarily he wouldn't use a safety razor.

He hardly ever came home before midnight and he always

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SERGE SUIT

woke me up with the noise he made in the next room. He would sit on the edge of his bed and roll brown-paper cigarettes with tobacco from the pound can that Grandpop, his father, gave him each month and put the cigarettes on the chair beside the bed. He would smoke and drink and talk to himself, always getting ready to fight someone. He was good with his fists, but he could only last a few minutes because of his asthma. After a while he would quiet down and go to sleep. But he snored loudly and his coughing shook the whole

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

house. He coughed a lot at night, and there was a tearing sound about it as if he were trying to drag up something down inside him, something that wouldn't come loose. He wheezed and gasped and choked and spit into a cardboard box that was filled with strips of torn newspaper. And in the morning when I looked in at him before going to school, he would be asleep, his head and shoulders propped up on two pillows so he was almost sitting. There were always ten or twelve cigarette butts in the ashtray and two or three whole cigarettes on the chair, and an empty pint bottle of whiskey on the floor beside the bed.

I hadn't talked to him all week. I hadn't wanted to wake him up just to tell him I was on my way to school, and he had been gone every afternoon when I got home. But I couldn't wait any longer. Wednesday night the graduation was going to be held in the highschool and Junior highschool auditorium, which was also the gymnasium with the stage at one end of the gym, and we were going to have a dress-rehearsal on Tuesday afternoon.

I went in and shook Father. After a while he woke up, swung his legs over the side of the bed and sat on the edge of it, smoking a cigarette and rubbing his face with both hands. I told him about the suit.

"But why blue serge?" he asked. "Why wouldn't a grey suit or a brown one do just as well?" Those were the only two suits he owned.

I told him what Miss Harmann, our science teacher and class advisor, had said about graduation being an important event in our lives, and how all the boys were going to wear blue serge suits, or dark suits, and how all the girls were going to have on white flannel skirts and dark jackets.

"Sounds pretty fancy," Father said. "You figure the kids will all be there and rigged up like that?"

I said I hadn't heard any of them say they wouldn't be dressed that way.

"I guess they wouldn't say anything at that," Father said. "They'd just stay home if they didn't have the clothes. You'd

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pass into highschool if you hadn't nothing but overalls to wear wouldn't you?"

"I don't think they'd keep me out," I said. Father made the whole thing sound kind of silly somehow and I didn't know if I could explain to him how it was because I was already different enough, being the biggest kid in class and a couple of years older than most of them from having missed so much school.

After Mother and Father were divorced when I was nine, I had lived part of the time with Mother and part with my father. Mother moved around a lot, and whenever I stayed with her it was always in some new city or town, and I had a new school to go to. Some of the schools had been strict and made me start over when I came in near the middle or the end of a term. And besides that, I had been going to this school not quite two months now, and I hadn't made any real friends among the kids yet. I didn't think I ever would, either, unless I could be more like the rest of them. There were more kids there whose folks were rich or well-to-do, than at any school I'd ever been to; kids who came from fine homes around Brentwood Heights and Westwood, and whose fathers and mothers worked in the movies, and a couple who were movie stars' kids.

Father said, "Your grades all right, Neal?"

"They're all right," I said.

"Well, what's the important thing—the grades, or the clothes?"

"The grades," I said. That was what he wanted me to say. He had only gone as far as the fifth grade himself and he really wanted me to get an education. He always said that an education was the most valuable thing in the world and the one thing nobody could take away from me.

"All right, Neal," he said. "I'll see what I can do."

He would stop drinking now, I was sure. But he was still too sick to work, even if he could have found a job.

He was a good shingler. How much he made depended upon how many 'squares' or hundred square feet of roof he covered. He had made sometimes as much as thirty dollars in a day. But he had got into a fight on his last job. And in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fight the superintendent of the construction company that was building a lot of big homes around in Westwood, Beverly Hills and Brentwood Heights, was hurt. He blamed Father for it and I guess he told the other companies because none of them would give Father a job.

That had been over a month ago; and after a couple of weeks of looking for work and getting turned down everywhere, Father had started to drink.

I didn't know how he was able to keep on drinking without money. Grandpop was the only one who might have lent him some. But Grandpop didn't have very much, either—just a little house of his own three blocks up the street in the direction of school, and the pension he drew from the Soldiers' Home twice a month. It wasn't a very big pension, and he had already helped us out several times. He was a nice old guy, always doing things like once in a while giving me a dollar for spending money, or buying Father a shirt or a necktie, or giving him the pound can of tobacco each month. Father was his only son and I was his only grandson.

Father put on his pants and slippers and went into the kitchen and made a pot of coffee. He could hardly pour it into the cups and he could hardly get his cup to his mouth. He had to use both hands. He drank two cups, then he rubbed the bristle on his face.

"Think I need to prune my whiskers?" he asked. I said he would look a lot better if he did. He held out his right hand and studied it. "I don't think I could use the old stand-by," he said. "Okay if I use your safety?"

I said it was okay with me, but there was only the one blade that was in it and I had been using it over a month. Father grinned.

"It should still have a pretty fine edge, then," he said.

I went out on the back screen-porch with him while he soaped-up and shaved. It smelled good out there, of shaving-lather and the pepper trees that hung down over the sidewalk. Across the street behind the fence of the Soldiers' Home grounds were rows of tall, smooth-trunked eucalyptus trees with patches of papery, peeling bark. They had dusty silver-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blue leaves and young green leaves and crackling yellow-brown leaves that had dried on the ground along with the acorn-like pods. They smelled like medicine. And the peppers had white beads of gummy sap on their trunks and branches, and lines of little black ants crawling on them.

When he had finished shaving he put on his grey suit and a shirt and a necktie. He looked a lot better. He had cut himself only twice.

"Well," he said, "I guess we might as well go and see Grandpop first."

I said I guessed so, but what Grandpop could do about a blue serge suit, I didn't know. The only clothes I had ever seen him wear were the khakis that were given out to the soldiers in the Soldiers' Home.

It was a beautiful day, the sun not too hot and there was just a little wind. It rustled the tops of the eucalyptus trees and it made me think of the bright copper in the gutters of the roofs the Saturdays and sometimes Sundays I worked with Father when he needed extra money. If he was working now I might have gone with him and earned enough to make a down-payment on a suit. He paid me five cents a bundle to carry shingles up to the roof and put them around where he needed them, and a couple of times I had made as much as five dollars.

Father worked fast, sitting on a little board platform that had the points of nails sticking out of the bottom to keep it from sliding off the steep roofs, his mouth full of shingle-nails. He set shingles in place and drove nails with two blows so close together they sounded almost like one single quick, *tat-tat*, *tat-tat*, his blue-steel hatchet rising and falling and glittering and winking in the sunlight.

Sometimes I brought him a drink of water and sometimes he sat up on a roof and rolled and smoked a brown-paper cigarette—to take the taste of the nails out of his mouth, he said. He took good care of his two hatchets, whetting their blades and finishing up with the same stone on which he honed his straight razors. He did this every evening after supper when he was working, and more than ever I wished he hadn't got into that fight. But I didn't want to say anything

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to him about it as we walked toward Grandpop's place.

In the middle of the second block Father got to coughing and had to stop. He held onto the fork of a small pepper tree and clawed at his lungs with those raking coughs. Tears ran down his face.

"Damn' asthma," he said when he could speak.

I didn't tell him it never seemed to bother him very much when he wasn't drinking.

"Do we owe Grandpop any money?" he asked.

I said as far as I knew, unless he had borrowed some, it was only six dollars. Father nodded and we went on, but more slowly.

The last three mornings on my way to school Grandpop had been waiting for me, sitting in his wicker rocking-chair on his little front porch, and he'd had two one-dollar bills for me each time. He didn't like me to thank him, though I told him we would pay him back. He would frown, his bushy eyebrows pulling together so they almost hid his little blue eyes, clear his throat and say that his son, Jeff, was a good lad and would get back on his feet pretty soon. Then he would talk until I had to trot all the way to school to keep from being late. He would talk about his days of soldiering in the Philippine Islands and in Nicaragua. And before I left he would point his cigar at me and say, "Don't drink, Neal. Your father and I have nothing just because of the bottle. So remember that."

I promised him I would remember, but I knew he still drank. He allowed himself a fifth of Irish whiskey each week.

Grandpop was at home. He was sitting in the old leather rocker in the tiny living room that smelled of cigar smoke and of the way an old man lived alone. It was dim in there but after a minute my eyes got used to it. On the wall back of him was a photograph of himself and my grandmother who had died when I was five years old. There was another picture on the wall above the stand that had on it an old-fashioned gramaphone with a big shiny brass horn. It was a picture of a company of soldiers. Grandpop was among them. And over this picture two long crossed palm fronds were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tacked to the wall. They were varnished and yellow and dried out, and I always expected them to fall apart.

Grandpop rocked and glared at Father.

"You don't look so good," he said. "How do you feel?"

Father said there had been times when he had felt a lot better and Grandpop said:

"If it's about money, Jeff, I can't spare much. Only two or three dollars until payday."

"Money would help, Dad," Father said. "But it's mostly about Neal, here. He's got to have a suit to graduate in." Grandpop scowled at me.

"A blue serge suit," I said. "Or a dark one." I told him what Miss Harmann had said and what the kids were going to wear. I might have laid it on a little thick about wanting to be more like the others. Grandpop stared out the front window at the yellow wooden frame buildings of the Soldiers' Home beyond the eucalyptus trees. Rows of palms lined both sides of the main road of the Home grounds, and some big black birds that were either crows or hawks, circled in the air above the buildings.

Grandpop's ragged grey moustache that was stained brown at the ends from cigar smoke twitched a few times and he mumbled something I couldn't quite catch, about sheep, or sheepskin, and frowned at me.

"It mean a lot to you to be just like the others, Neal?" he asked.

I said I'd like to be part of something like this just once, anyway. Grandpop nodded. The knuckles of one hand gripping his cane-handle stood out large and white and there was a glint in his little, frosty blue eyes. He got up and went into the bedroom that opened off the living room. I heard him moving things around in there, and when he came back he held a suit out in front of him. It brought the smell of mothballs in with it.

It was a blue serge suit, glossy and heavy. Grandpop hung the hook of the hanger over the top of the bedroom door and stood there looking at the suit.

"Had it made for me years ago," he said.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Father came over and rubbed the cloth of the sleeve between his thumb and first two fingers. "A wonderful piece of goods, Dad," he said.

"Wear like iron," Grandpop said. "You can't match material and workmanship like that these days, not for any money."

"No," Father said. "You sure can't."

Grandpop stood straighter, his shoulders back, and leaned only a little on his cane.

"Let's see how it fits you, Neal," he said.

I took the suit into the bedroom and put it on. And when I had it on I knew it was all wrong.

It wasn't such a bad fit; Grandpop and me were pretty near the same size. But the double-breasted coat with unpadded shoulders was kind of pinched-in at the waist and sort of flared out below the waist. It was longer than coats had been worn for at least thirty years and the pants had small tight cuffs that made my feet sticking out from under them seem enormous.

I thought Father was going to laugh when he saw me. His face became lopsided and red; his popeye watered; and he choked up and had a spell of coughing and gasping.

"Damn' asthma's getting worse," he said to Grandpop when he could speak. He looked me over. "It ain't so bad, Neal. You'll get by." He sounded to me as if he had his mouth full of shingle-nails. I stared at his hands, at the twisted little finger and the old healed cuts and the crushed left thumb that was spread out and had a thick ridged nail like a clamshell.

"There's one thing about Neal," he said to Grandpop after he'd given me a going-over. "No one can say the boy hasn't got a good understanding."

I had never thought my feet were small, but I had never thought they were anything like this size, either. They just stuck a long way out ahead of me. I felt the sweat on my forehead and it seemed to me I couldn't turn around in the tiny living room without knocking something over.

Father must've seen that he was carrying things too far, because he said, "I don't know, Dad. It does seem kind of old-fashioned for a kid."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Grandpop drew himself up straighter.

"I was married in that there suit, Jeff."

"I know," Father said. "Forty-six years ago this Saint Patrick's day, wasn't it?"

"Forty-seven," Grandpop said.

"Well, that's what I mean, Dad. Styles've changed a little since then, and you know how kids are about these things—"

"Be damned if I see what you're getting at, Jeff!" Grandpop banged the floor once with the tip of his cane and the ends of his moustache quivered. "Are you saying the cut of a suit is more important than the quality of its material and workmanship?" Father just shrugged and Grandpop said, "Besides, Neal's no longer a kid. He's reaching his manhood. That right, Neal?"

He glowered at me, his bushy eyebrows pulled together, and I couldn't tell if he was making fun of me, or not. I didn't know him well enough. But it seemed to me there was something—a twinkle or glint in his eyes that in spite of the fierceness of his scowl, could have meant he was teasing.

I didn't know what to say. I couldn't wear this suit. I might as well quit going to school as to show up for graduation dressed in this outfit. But how could I tell him that? And while I was trying to think of some way, I saw the fierceness go out of his eyes. He squinted, trying to bring it back, but there was a film, like cobweb, over them. He bent his head and looked down at the floor.

"I ain't wore that suit since Ellen's funeral," he said, not very loud.

I knew Father was watching me but I couldn't look at him.

"I aimed to wear it only once more," Grandpop said. "When they laid me away alongside Ellen." His Adam's apple bobbed in his wrinkled throat.

There are times when all at once you stop being a kid and grow up. At least you take a long step toward it. And it hasn't or anything to do with when you first shave, or wear long pants, go out to work with your father on a job, either. It's something else, something that happens to you. And when it happens, you know it. I guess you don't stop feeling the way a kid

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feels about lots of things right then, and maybe not for a long time afterward. But you do what you know you have to do. Grandpop was doing the only thing he could do in letting me wear his suit; and the only thing I could do was to wear it to the graduation, and to hell with what the kids or anyone else thought about it.

Just the same, knowing all this didn't make me feel any better.

"It's a wonderful suit," I said. "Wonderful."

Grandpop raised his head and looked at me. For just a second his eyes were bright and hard. Then they clouded; his shoulders slumped, he leaned on his cane and was an old man again.

"It's yours, Neal," he said. "I reckon I'll find something else to wear when my time comes."

Before I could say anything more he opened the front door and went out on the porch. He sat in his wicker rocking-chair and got a cigar out of his vest pocket. His hands shook so he could hardly open the blade of the penknife he carried on his watch chain, and he had trouble paring off the end of the cigar. And when he had the cigar going good, he rocked and stared toward the Soldiers' Home, waiting for someone to come down from the Home that he could talk to.

I still felt terrible about wearing this suit, kind of cold and sick inside. Just the same, I was going to wear it. But only on graduation night and not to the dress rehearsal on Tuesday afternoon.

I told Father this and he nodded. I knew he understood and I thought he seemed proud of me.

All day Tuesday I kept getting funny looks from some of the other kids who were already dressed in their graduation outfits while I had on only my old yellow corduroys and a blue shirt, and I was sure they talked about me. But also, I noticed that only the richer kids had snappy-looking and up-to-date blue serge suits. Quite a few of the poorer kids had dark suits that didn't seem to fit too well, and only two of those were blue serge. Still, none of them were going to look nearly as old-fashioned and out-of-date as I was going to look.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That afternoon in the gymnasium-aud I told Miss Harmann I would have a suit tomorrow night, but she only nodded and said that would be all right. She was worried right then about how the rehearsal would go.

We went through the business of marching on stage and sitting in chairs, first a row of girls, then a row of boys, until all the seats were filled. Anna Hendrickson, the class valedictorian, gave her speech, and Colby Enos read his class poem. Miss Harmann and old Mr. Asbaugh, the Principal, skipped their speeches to make the rehearsal shorter. And during Anna's speech and Colby's poem, I looked around the empty gymnasium at the exercise rings and the parallel bars, the basketball court with its backboards, and at the high, dusty, arched windows, and thought about the girls. Every one of them looked so neat and pretty in a white flannel skirt and dark jacket.

After the speeches we stood up, first a row of girls, then a row of boys, marched off stage and turned around and came back, moving up as each name was called out so there were always about five of us standing at the side of the stage in sight of the audience. And when our name was called, we went across the stage, pretended to receive our diplomas, and sat down in the same seat we had been sitting in before. It all worked out fine.

Miss Harmann, who had been calling out the names and pretending to hand out diplomas, stopped me when the rehearsal was over.

"You won't have any trouble getting a dark suit, will you, Neal?" she asked me.

"No, ma'am," I said. "I'll have it tomorrow night."

"That's fine," she said and smiled at me. "Because everything looks so nice now and we don't want to spoil it, do we?" She stopped smiling and frowned. "But if you can't—well, I mean, if you think you might not be able to get it—I mean, I think I might get you one."

I saw she meant it. She would get me a suit somehow, I was sure. All I had to do was to tell her that I didn't have one. And I wanted to do it. I wanted to so bad it made my

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

face go hot and my lips dry and puffy. But I couldn't.

"No ma'am," I said. "I have a suit. It's ... it's just being cleaned and pressed."

"Very well, Neal." She went over to the Principal who was talking to Anna Hendrickson and the three of them walked off together.

The next night after supper I put the suit on. I had shined my shoes and Father let me have one of his white shirts and his best necktie. When it was time for me to leave, he asked if I wanted him to come along with me. He said he had planned to attend the graduation. I said no, I had to be alone and I needed the fifteen block walk. Then he said I ought to stop by and let Grandpop see how I looked all dressed up in his suit. I said I had figured on doing that. Father put his arm around my shoulder and said, "All right, Neal. Good luck. And sometimes things ain't as bad as you think they're going to be."

I didn't think he knew what he was talking about but I didn't say so.

Grandpop was fixing supper when I got there. He looked me over and nodded, and there was a glow in his eyes.

"Wait a minute, Neal," he said. He went into his bedroom and when he came out he had a gold watch on a chain.

I knew that watch. It was a twenty-one jewel railroad-man's watch and you had to unscrew the cover and pull out a little lever at the side to set the hands. It was a very good watch and he'd had it a long time and hardly ever wore it. I felt like crying and didn't want to take it.

"I was going to leave it to you some day, Neal," Grandpop said. "But you're a man now and I guess you can use it."

I wound it and set it and fixed it into my vest the way his other watch was fixed. Grandpop shook hands with me and wished me luck.

Outside I began to shiver though the night wasn't cold. I had plenty of time, so I walked slow along the other side of the street from the Soldiers' Home grounds. There were blue-white arc lamps on each corner, not quite as high overhead as the tops of the biggest pepper trees, and their light cutting

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

down through the eucalyptus trees across the street and the peppers on this side, filled the street and sidewalk with thick blue shadows. The old wooden houses of the town with lights behind their windows, looked small and lonely.

I came to the gate in the steel-wire fence and went in and started across the play field. I was shivering worse than ever and the lights of the gymnasium seemed to jump at me from across the field.

About halfway there, I stopped. I stopped in the middle of the field and stood there a long time, shivering. My jaws ached from keeping my teeth clamped together, and I almost turned around and went back to the gate. But I thought about Grandpop giving me his suit and his good watch, and I knew I couldn't back out now, so I crossed the field and walked around the gymnasium and up the gravelled path to the back of the stage where the double iron doors at the top of the concrete ramp were open.

There was a lot of talking going on and the kids were moving around, but I couldn't see them very well. The lights on the curtained-off stage were bright, but my eyes were kind of blurred. I got into a dark place between the front curtain and a piece of canvas stage scenery without anyone seeing me.

Miss Harmann looked different, somehow younger. She had on a long white dress and a dark wrap or jacket with some flowers pinned up near the shoulder. She was short and plump, but she didn't look so short and plump now, but more like one of the girls in class. She had done something to her hair that wasn't like she usually wore it because there didn't seem to be any grey in it. And she wasn't wearing her glasses which always made her nose look like a button beneath them.

She had been coming across the stage, checking up, I guess, on which kids were there yet, and speaking a few words to some of them. She was quite near when she saw me.

"Is that you, Neal?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," I said. I had to step out then. I saw her blink four or five times, real hard, and I thought she was going to laugh. But she didn't. She looked almost scared. Her mouth was open a little and her eyes, which were small and blue-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grey, got watery like Father's one popeye had the morning I had first worn the suit at Grandpop's. Then she closed her mouth and bent her head and I knew she was looking at my feet. When she raised her head, her face was red and her eyes shiny. Her mouth pressed together in a tight line. I wished then I had never promised to wear the suit, or that I had to graduate, or anything.

That wasn't all that was happening, though. In those few seconds everyone had all of a sudden become very quiet, and I knew they were staring at me—even old Mr. Asbaugh, the Principal.

Then Fiesel Newbar, whose father owned the famous Newbar coffee company, and who was the kind of fellow who always had to be wise-guy, said, "What are you dressed up for, Neal? Going to a costume party?"

That got a laugh, and Fiesel said, "What're you supposed to be, Neal—old Abe Lincoln without his high hat?"

Nobody laughed that time and someone said, "Lay off, Fies."

Then, for the first time, I could see them all real clear—Miss Harmann, Mr. Asbaugh, the girls and the fellows, and Fiesel whom I could've licked with one hand. They were all smiling. Even old Asbaugh, who was supposed never to have cracked a grin in his life, had a smile on his long horselike face. Miss Harmann too was smiling and trying not to, biting her lower lips as if she was ashamed of it. I saw her and Mr. Asbaugh look at each other. The Principal shook his head just a little and Miss Harmann gave a faint nod and pressed her lips together. I knew then she was going to ask me if I'd be willing to get my diploma later, or something like that.

But before she could say anything Raymond Dunbar, who was the most popular kid in class and such a good baseball pitcher that he was a cinch to start out right away pitching for the highschool's first-string varsity, came up and put his hand on my shoulder and said, "How're things going, Neal?", or something like that. I couldn't remember what I answered, but I remember that he asked me if I was doing anything tonight after graduation was over, and when I said I wasn't,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he said, "Well, how about coming over to my place? A bunch of us are going down to the beach for a wienie-roast and a swim."

I told him I didn't have any swimming trunks and he said he had an extra pair he would lend me since we were almost the same size.

After that, before the curtain went up, other kids whom I hadn't talked to since I'd been going to this school, came up to me. All of them said something and nudged me in the ribs or slapped me on the back, and other guys flipped their hands at me in a kind of salute and grinned. It was all friendly and made me feel good. The girls too, looked at me. But they turned away when I caught them at it, and Anna Hendrickson gave a smile. It wasn't as if she was laughing at me, either.

Old Asbaugh and Miss Harmann sort of shrugged while this was going on, and Miss Harmann got busy settling us down. And when the curtain went up, I sat there feeling warm and good until we had to stand up and march off stage. I had almost forgotten about the suit until I was near the curtain where I would have to stand in sight of the audience. Then my heart began to pound so hard I could barely hear the names being called out, and there was a flickering in front of my eyes.

What happened then, I guess I never will understand very well.

As soon as I stepped out from behind the curtain and was in sight of the audience, there was a funny kind of stillness. I could hear Miss Harmann's voice real clear and even the breathing of people in the first rows of folding chairs.

The fellow in front of me went to get his diploma and I was the first in line. And as soon as I stood there at the head of the line, somebody, a man, guffawed. But he had hardly begun when someone said, "*Sh-h-h!*", and then a couple of others called out, "*Sh-h-h!*"

I heard Miss Harmann speak my name, and as I started across the stage, there was clapping. Someone clapped, and somebody else, and before I was all the way across and got

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my diploma, it seemed to me that nearly everybody in the place must be clapping.

It was the biggest surprise of my life. They hadn't clapped for anyone but the speakers and the class poem, and they kept on clapping even after I had sat down.

It was the first time in my life anyone had ever clapped for me.

SONNET

Grim, and surrendered to their purposes,
their tangibilities of pulp or stone,
the houses, chairs and tables rise again—
the mute inflexible realities
that never died. Although our lightest touch
or smallest word had pared them paper-thin,
or seared them to a smudge of scenery,
their massive life endured beneath our much-
ados. And now, compact and free
of us who might have felled them where they stood,
they rear the monuments death cannot hide,
being no more than their immensities—
no more, within the darkness of their clutch,
than these sad ultimates of stone or grain.

—HELEN NEVILLE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STATION

Two boards with a token roof, backed
Against the shelving hill, and a curtain
Of frayed sacking which the wind absently
Toyed with on the side toward the sea:
From that point already so remote that we
Continually caught ourselves talking in whispers
No path went on but only the still country
Unfolding as far as we could see
In the luminous dusk its land that had not been lived on
Ever, or not within living memory.

This less than shelter, then, was the last
Human contrivance for our encouragement
Improvised so hastily, it might have been
Thrown together only the moment
Before we arrived, yet so weathered,
Warped and parched, it must have stood there
Longer than we knew. And the ground before it
Was not scarred with the rawness of construction
Nor even beaten down by feet, but simply barren
As one felt it always had been: something between
Sand and red shale with only the spiky dune-grass
Growing, and a few trees stunted by wind.

Some as they arrived appeared to be carrying
Whole households strapped onto their shoulders,
Often with their tired children asleep
Among the upper baskets, and even
A sore dog limping behind them. Some
Were travelling light for the journey:
A knife and matches, and would sleep
In the clothes they stood up in. And there were
The barefoot ones, some from conviction
With staves, some from poverty with nothing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Burdens and garments bore no relation
To the ages of the travellers; nor, as they sat
In spite of fatigue talking late
Into the night, to the scope and firmness
Of their intentions. It was, for example,
A patriarch herding six grandchildren
In his family, and who had carried
More than his own weight of gear all day
Who insisted that three days' journey inland
Would bring them to a sheltered valley
Along a slow river, where the clumsiest farmer
Would grow fat on the land's three crops a year.

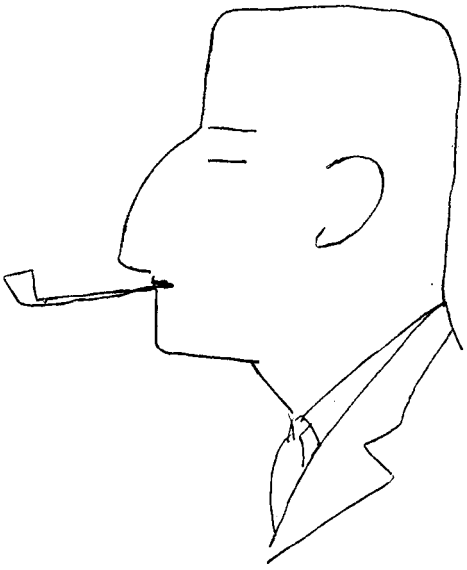
And a youth with expensive hiking shoes
And one blanket to carry, who declaimed
Most loudly on the effort on the trip,
The stingy prospects, the risks involved
In venturing beyond that point. Several
Who had intended to go furthest mused
That the land thereabouts was better
Than what they had left and that tramping
Behind his own plough should be far enough afield
For any grown man, while another, to all
Disuasions repeated that it had been
The same ten years ago at—naming a place
Where we had slept two nights before.
Until one who looked most energetic
Changed the subject with his theory
That a certain block of stone there
Before the doorway had been shaped
By hand, and at one time had stood
As the pedestal of a wayside shrine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yet in spite of the circling arguments
Which grew desperate several times before morning
Everyone knew that it was all decided:
That some, even who spoke with most eloquence
Of the glories of exodus and the country
Waiting to be taken, would be found
Scrabbling next day for the patch of ground
Nearest the shelter, or sneaking back
The way they had come, or hiring themselves out
As guides to this point, and no one would be able
To explain what had stopped them there; any more
Than one would be able afterwards to say
Why some who perhaps sat there saying least,
And not, to appearances, the bravest
Or best suited for such a journey,
At first light would get up and go on.

—W. S. MERWIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Mr. Faulkner's self portrait

THE ART OF FICTION XII

WILLIAM FAULKNER

This conversation took place in New York City, mid-winter, early 1956:

INTERVIEWER

Mr. Faulkner, you were saying a while ago that you don't like interviews.

FAULKNER

The reason I don't like interviews is that I seem to react violently to personal questions. If the questions are about the work, I try to answer them. When they are about me, I may answer or I may not, but even if I do, if the same question is asked tomorrow, the answer may be different.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTERVIEWER

How about yourself as a writer?

FAULKNER

If I had not existed, someone else would have written me, Hemingway, Doestoevsky, all of us. Proof of that is that there are about three candidates for the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. But what is important is *Hamlet* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, not who wrote them, but that somebody did. The artist is of no importance. Only what he creates is important, since there is nothing new to be said. Shakespeare, Balzac, Homer have all written about the same things and if they had lived 1,000 or 2,000 years longer, the publishers wouldn't have needed anyone since.

INTERVIEWER

But even if there seems nothing more to be said, isn't perhaps the individuality of the writer important?

FAULKNER

Very important to himself. Everybody else should be too busy with the work to care about the individuality.

INTERVIEWER

And your contemporaries?

FAULKNER

All of us failed to match our dream of perfection. So I rate us on the basis of our splendid failure to do the impossible. In my opinion, if I could write all my work again, I am convinced that I would do it better, which is the healthiest condition for an artist. That's why he keeps on working, trying again; he believes each time and this time he will do it, bring it off. Of course he won't, which is why this condition is healthy. Once he did it, once he matched the work to the image, the dream, nothing would remain but to cut his throat, jump off the other side of that pinnacle of cut perfection into

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suicide. I'm a failed poet. Maybe every novelist wants to write poetry first, finds he can't and then tries the short story which is the most demanding form after poetry. And failing at that, only then does he take up novel writing.

INTERVIEWER

Is there any possible formula to follow in order to be a good novelist?

FAULKNER

99% talent... 99% discipline... 99% work. He must never be satisfied with what he does. It never is as good as it can be done. Always dream and shoot higher than you know you can do. Don't bother just to be better than your contemporaries or predecessors. Try to be better than yourself. An artist is a creature driven by demons. He don't know why they choose him and he's usually too busy to wonder why. He is completely amoral in that he will rob, borrow, beg, or steal from anybody and everybody to get the work done.

INTERVIEWER

Do you mean the writer should be completely ruthless?

FAULKNER

The writer's only responsibility is to his art. He will be completely ruthless if he is a good one. He has a dream. It anguishes him so much he must get rid of it. He has no peace until then. Everything goes by the board: honor, pride, decency, security, happiness, all, to get the book written. If a writer has to rob his mother, he will not hesitate; the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* is worth any number of old ladies.

INTERVIEWER

Then could the *lack* of security, happiness, honor, be an important factor in the artist's creativity?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FAULKNER

No. They are important only to his peace and contentment, and art has no concern with peace and contentment.

INTERVIEWER

Then what would be the best environment for a writer?

FAULKNER

Art is not concerned with environment either; it doesn't care where it is. If you mean me, the best job that was ever offered to me was to become a landlord in a brothel. In my opinion it's the perfect milieu for an artist to work in. It gives him perfect economic freedom; he's free of fear and hunger; he has a roof over his head and nothing whatever to do except keep a few simple accounts and to go once every month and pay off the local police. The place is quiet during the morning hours which is the best time of the day to work. There's enough social life in the evening, if he wishes to participate, to keep him from being bored; it gives him a certain standing in his society; he has nothing to do because the madam keeps the books; all the inmates of the house are females and would defer to him and call him "Sir". All the bootleggers in the neighborhood would call him "Sir". And he could call the police by their first names.

So the only environment the artist needs is whatever peace, whatever solitude, and whatever pleasure he can get at not too high a cost. All the wrong environment will do is run his blood-pressure up; he will spend more time being frustrated or outraged. My own experience has been that the tools I need for my trade are paper, tobacco, food and a little whisky.

INTERVIEWER

Bourbon, you mean?

FAULKNER

No, I ain't that particular. Between scotch and nothing, I'll take scotch.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jewl and I come up from th
~~come~~ Although I am 15
and bonkus shows had a fu

The path runs straight as a
of laid-by collon, to the c
of soft right angles and pa

The collon-house is of rough
zal of a single piece, if I
a single big window in two
it I turn and follow the
steps ~~on the~~ in a single st
cal into his wooden face.
open-shine Indian dressed in
single shirt shows like oppos
in single file and I just a
foot of the bluff. ~~At the~~

~~At the foot of the bluff~~ t
the railing, the ruins wrap-
ground
and take the map from the
Cash's saw.

When I reach the top to h
gallon ~~they are rather~~ flesh
flanks in smooth undulations
breasts on the heelle, filled
the hearth and sprinkle along
her to lie in. It will give

Then he turns them and takes
up the adze again

Chuck

A reproduction, in actual size, of the first manuscript page of As I Lay Dying. By courtesy of Mr. Saxe Commins of Random House.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

21 October 1927

llowing the path in single file. ~~Anyone watching us from the cotton house~~
' of trees, anyone watching us from the cotton house can see Jewel's head
bove my own.

e, worn smooth and baked hard by July, between the grass rows
in the circle of the field, where it turns and circles the cotton house at
ron the field again, worn so by feet in today ~~yesterdays~~ procession

, between where the chimney has fallen. Square, with a broken roof
ugly and ~~many-chimneyed~~ ~~shape~~ dizzy dilapidation in the sunlight,
walls giving onto the ~~path~~ approaches of the path. When we reach
circles the house. Jewel, is just behind me, looking straight ahead
- like window. Still staring straight ahead, his pale eyes like wood
like ~~loose and roving~~ flaw in a shirtless, with the rigid gravity of a
overalls and encased with life from the hips down, and stops in a
and onto the path again just as I come around the house corner.
' head runs in front, we go on up the path, ~~up to the house~~ to the

Tall's
Jumpin's worn shoulder beside the spring. The hair ~~on the~~ inclined to
a slouch. In the hand are 2 chickens. Jewel stops at the spring
'naves and drinks. I pass him and go up the path, hoping to hear

sawing. Standing in a hollow of stumps he is filling ~~the~~ two of the broad, lo-
shadow spaces they are yellow as gold, white soft gold. Beaming on them
ches of the adze blade: a good compound. ~~Cash is.~~ He holds the two
ends in ~~the shape of half circles the~~ coffin a quarter of the ceiling,
7 them. a good compound. Now could not want a better one, a better
'ree and content. I go on to the house, followed by the ~~slow~~ Chucks.
of the adze.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTERVIEWER

You mentioned economic freedom. Does the writer need it?

FAULKNER

No. The writer doesn't need economic freedom. All he needs is a pencil, and some paper. I've never known anything good in writing to come from having accepted any free gift of money. The good writer never applies to a foundation. He's too busy writing something. If he isn't first rate he fools himself by saying he hasn't got time or economic freedom. Good art can come out of thieves, bootleggers or horse swipes. People really are afraid to find out just how much hardship and poverty they can stand. They are afraid to find out how tough they are. Nothing can destroy the good writer. The only thing that can alter the good writer is death. Good ones don't have time to bother with success or getting rich. Success is feminine and like a woman, if you cringe before her, she will override you. So the way to treat her is to show her the back of your hand. Then maybe she will do the crawling.

INTERVIEWER

Can working for the movies hurt your own writing?

FAULKNER

Nothing can injure a man's writing if he's a first rate writer. If a man is not a first rate writer, there's not anything can help it much. The problem does not apply if he is not first rate, because he has already sold his soul for a swimming pool.

INTERVIEWER

Does a writer compromise in writing for the movies?

FAULKNER

Always, because a moving picture is by its nature a collaboration and any collaboration is compromise because that is what the word means—to give and to take.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTERVIEWER

Which actors do you like to work with most?

FAULKNER

Humphrey Bogart is the one I've worked with best. He and I worked together in *To Have and to Have Not* and *The Big Sleep*.

INTERVIEWER

Would you like to make another movie?

FAULKNER

Yes, I would like to make one of George Orwell's *1984*. I have an idea for an ending which would prove the thesis which I'm always hammering at: that man is indestructable because of his simple will to freedom.

INTERVIEWER

How do you get the best results in working for the movies?

FAULKNER

The moving picture work of my own which seemed best to me was done by the actors and the writer throwing the script away and inventing the scene in actual rehearsal just before the camera turned. If I didn't take, or felt I was capable of taking, motion picture work seriously, out of simple honesty to motion pictures and myself too, I would not have tried. But I know now that I will never be a good motion picture writer; so that work will never have the urgency for me which my own medium has.

INTERVIEWER

Would you comment on that legendary Hollywood experience you were involved in?

FAULKNER

I had just completed a contract at M.G.M. and was about to return home. The director I had worked with said, "If you would like another job here, just let me know and I will speak

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the studio about a new contract." I thanked him and came home. About six months later I wired my director friend that I would like another job. Shortly after that I received a letter from my Hollywood agent enclosing my first week's paycheck. I was surprised because I had expected first to get an official notice or recall and a contract from the studio. I thought to myself the contract is delayed and will arrive in the next mail. Instead, a week later I got another letter from the agent enclosing my second week's paycheck. That began in November 1932 and continued until May 1933. Then I received a telegram from the studio. It said: *William Faulkner, Oxford, Miss. Where are you? M.G.M. Studio.*

I wrote out a telegram *M.G.M. Studio, Culver City, California. William Faulkner.*

The young lady operator said: "Where is the message, Mr. Faulkner?" I said, "That's it." She said: "The rule book says that I can't send it without a message, you have to say something." So we went through her samples and selected I forget which one—one of the canned anniversary greeting messages. I sent that. Next was a long distance telephone call from the studio directing me to get on the first airplane, go to New Orleans and report to Director Browning. I could have got on a train in Oxford and been in New Orleans eight hours later. But I obeyed the studio and went to Memphis where an airplane did occasionally go to New Orleans. Three days later one did.

I arrived at Mr. Browning's hotel about six p.m. and reported to him. A party was going on. He told me to get a good night's sleep and be ready for an early start in the morning. I asked him about the story. He said, "Oh yes. Go to room so and so. That's the continuity writer. He'll tell you what the story is."

I went to the room as directed. The continuity writer was sitting in there alone. I told him who I was and asked him about the story. He said: "When you have written the dialogue I'll let you see the story." I went back to Browning's room and told him what had happened. "Go back," he said, "and tell that so and so—never mind, you get a good night's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sleep so we can get an early start in the morning."

So the next morning in a very smart rented launch, all of us except the continuity writer sailed down to Grand Isle, about a hundred miles away where the picture was to be shot, reaching there just in time to eat lunch and have time to run the hundred miles back to New Orleans before dark.

That went on for three weeks. Now and then I would worry a little about the story but Browning always said, "Stop worrying. Get a good night's sleep so we can get an early start tomorrow morning."

One evening on our return I had barely entered my room when the telephone rang. It was Browning. He told me to come to his room at once. I did so. He had a telegram. It said: *Faulkner is fired. MGM Studio.* "Don't worry," Browning said. "I'll call that so and so up this minute and not only make him put you back on the payroll but send you a written apology." There was a knock on the door. It was a page with another telegram. This one said: *Browning is fired. MGM Studio.* So I came back home. I presume Browning went somewhere too. I imagine that continuity writer is still sitting in a room somewhere with his weekly salary check clutched tightly in his hand. They never did finish the film. But they did build a shrimp village—a long platform on piles in the water with sheds built on it something like a wharf. The studio could have bought dozens of them for forty or fifty dollars a piece. Instead, they built one of their own, a false one. That is, a platform with a single wall on it, so that when you opened the door and stepped through it, you stepped right on off to the ocean itself. As they built it, on the first day, the Cajun fisherman paddled up in his narrow tricky pirogue made out of a hollow log. He would sit in it all day long in the broiling sun watching the strange white folks building this strange imitation platform. The next day he was back in the pirogue with his whole family, his wife nursing the baby, the other children, and the mother-in-law, all to sit all that day in the broiling sun to watch this foolish and incomprehensible activity. I was in New Orleans two of three years later and heard that the Cajun people were still coming in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for miles to look at that imitation shrimp platform which a lot of white people had rushed in and built and then abandoned.

INTERVIEWER

You say that the writer must compromise in working for the motion pictures. How about his writing? Is he under any obligation to his reader?

FAULKNER

His obligation is to get the work done the best he can do it; whatever obligation he has left over after that he can spend any way he likes. I myself am too busy to care about the public. I have no time to wonder who is reading me. I don't care about John Doe's opinion on mine or anyone else's work. Mine is the standard which has to be met, which is when the work makes me feel the way I do when I read *La Tentation de Saint Antoine*, or the Old Testament. They make me feel good. So does watching a bird make me feel good... you know that if I were reincarnated, I'd want to come back a buzzard. Nothing hates him or envies him or wants him or needs him. He is never bothered or in danger, and he can eat anything.

INTERVIEWER

What technique do you use to arrive at your standard?

FAULKNER

Let the writer take up surgery or bricklaying if he is interested in technique. There is no mechanical way to get the writing done, no short cut. The young writer would be a fool to follow a theory. Teach yourself by your own mistakes; people learn only by error. The good artist believes that nobody is good enough to give him advice. He has supreme vanity. No matter how much he admires the old writer, he wants to beat him.

INTERVIEWER

Then would you deny the validity of technique?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FAULKNER

By no means. Sometimes technique charges in and takes command of the dream before the writer himself can get his hands on it. That is *tour de force* and the finished work is simply a matter of fitting bricks neatly together, since the writer knows probably every single word right to the end before he puts the first one down. This happened with *As I Lay Dying*. It was not easy. No honest work is. It was simple in that all the material was already at hand. It took me just about six weeks in the spare time from a 12 hour a day job at manual labor. I simply imagined a group of people and subjected them to the simple universal natural catastrophes which are flood and fire with a simple natural motive to give direction to their progress. But then, when technique does not intervene, in another sense writing is easier too. Because with me there is always a point in the book where the characters themselves rise up and take charge and finish the job—say somewhere about page 275. Of course, I don't know what would happen if I finished the book on page 274. The quality an artist must have is objectivity in judging his work, plus the honesty and courage not to kid himself about it. Since none of my work has met my own standards, I must judge it on the basis of that one which caused me the most grief and anguish, as the mother loves the child who became the thief or murderer more than the one who became the priest.

INTERVIEWER

What work is that?

FAULKNER

The Sound and the Fury. I wrote it five separate times trying to tell the story, to rid myself of the dream which would continue to anguish me until I did. It's a tragedy of two lost women: Caddy and her daughter. Dilsey is one of my own favorite characters because she is brave, courageous, generous, gentle and honest. She's much more brave and honest and generous than me.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTERVIEWER

How did *The Sound and the Fury* begin?

FAULKNER

It began with a mental picture. I didn't realize at the time it was symbolical. The picture was of the muddy seat of a little girl's drawers in a pear tree where she could see through a window where her grandmother's funeral was taking place and report what was happening to her brothers on the ground below. By the time I explained who they were and what they were doing and how her pants got muddy, I realized it would be impossible to get all of it into a short story and that it would have to be a book. And then I realized the symbolism of the soiled pants, and that image was replaced by the one of the fatherless and motherless girl climbing down the rainpipe to escape from the only home she had, where she had never been offered love or affection or understanding. I had already begun to tell it through the eyes of the idiot child since I felt that it would be more effective as told by someone capable only of knowing what happened, but not why. I saw that I had not told the story that time. I tried to tell it again, the same story through the eyes of another brother. That was still not it. I told it for the third time through the eyes of the third brother. That was still not it. I tried to gather the pieces together and fill in the gaps by making myself the spokesman. It was still not complete, not until 15 years after the book was published when I wrote as an appendix to another book the final effort to get the story told and off my mind, so that I myself could have some peace from it. It's the book I feel tenderest towards. I couldn't leave it alone, and I never could tell it right, though I tried hard and would like to try again, though I'd probably fail again.

INTERVIEWER

What emotion does Benjy arouse in you?

FAULKNER

The only emotion I can have for Benjy is grief and pity for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all mankind. You can't feel anything for Benjy because he doesn't feel anything. The only thing I can feel about him personally is concern as to whether he is believable as I created him. He was a prologue like the gravedigger in the Elizabethan dramas. He serves his purpose and is gone. Benjy is incapable of good and evil because he had no knowledge of good and evil.

INTERVIEWER

Could Benjy feel love?

FAULKNER

Benjy wasn't rational enough even to be selfish. He was an animal. He recognized tenderness and love though he could not have named them, and it was the threat to tenderness and love that caused him to bellow when he felt the change in Caddy. He no longer had Caddy; being an idiot he was not even aware that Caddy was missing. He knew only that something was wrong, which left a vacuum in which he grieved. He tried to fill that vacuum. The only thing was he had one of Caddy's discarded slippers. The slipper was his tenderness and love which he could not have named, but he knew only that it was missing. He was dirty because he couldn't coordinate and because dirt meant nothing to him. He could no more distinguish between dirt and cleanliness that between good and evil. The slipper gave him comfort even though he no longer remembered the person to whom it had once belonged, any more than he could remember why he grieved. If Caddy had reappeared he probably would not have known her.

INTERVIEWER

Does the narcissus given to Benjy have some significance?

FAULKNER

The narcissus was given to Benjy to distract his attention. It was simply a flower which happened to be handy that 5th of April. It was not deliberate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTERVIEWER

Are there any artistic advantages in casting the novel in the form of an allegory, as the Christian allegory you used in *A Fable*.

FAULKNER

Same advantage the carpenter finds in building square corners in order to build a square house. In *A Fable* the Christian allegory was the right allegory to use in that particular story, like an oblong square corner is the right corner with which to build an oblong rectangular house.

INTERVIEWER

Does that mean an artist can use Christianity simply as just another tool, like a carpenter would borrow a hammer?

FAULKNER

The carpenter we are speaking of never lacks that hammer. No one is without Christianity, if we agree on what we mean by the word. It is every individual's individual code of behavior by means of which he makes himself a better human being than his nature wants to be, if he followed his nature only. Whatever its symbol—cross or crescent or whatever—that symbol is man's reminder of his duty inside the human race. Its various allegories are the charts against which he measures himself and learns to know what he is. It cannot teach man to be good as the text book teaches him mathematics. It shows him how to discover himself, evolve for himself a moral code and standard within his capacities and aspirations, by giving him a matchless example of suffering and sacrifice and the promise of hope. Writers have always drawn, and always will, of the allegories of moral consciousness, for the reason that the allegories are matchless—the three men in *Moby Dick*, who represent the trinity of conscience: knowing nothing, knowing but not caring, knowing and caring. The same trinity is represented in *A Fable* by the young Jewish pilot officer who said 'This is terrible. I refuse to accept it, even if I must refuse life to do so,' the old French Quarter-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

master General who said, 'This is terrible, but we can weep and bear it,'' and the English battalion runner who said, 'This is terrible, I'm going to do something about it.'

INTERVIEWER

Are the two unrelated themes in *The Wild Palms* brought together in one book for any symbolic purpose? Is it as certain critics intimate a kind of esthetic counterpoint, or is it merely haphazard?

FAULKNER

No, no. That was one story—the story of Charlotte Rittenmeyer and Harry Wilbourn, who sacrificed everything for love, and then lost that. I did not know it would be two separate stories until after I had started the book. When I reached the end of what is now the first section of *The Wild Palms*, I realized suddenly that something was missing, it needed emphasis, something to lift it like counterpoint in music. So I wrote on the *Old Man* story until *The Wild Palms* story rose back to pitch. Then I stopped the *Old Man* story at what is now its first section, and took up *The Wild Palms* story until it began again to sag. Then I raised it to pitch again with another section of its antithesis, which is the story of a man who got his love and spent the rest of the book fleeing from it, even to the extent of voluntarily going back to jail where he would be safe. They are only two stories by chance, perhaps necessity. The story is that of Charlotte and Wilbourne.

INTERVIEWER

How much of your writing is based on personal experience?

FAULKNER

I can't say. I never counted up. Because 'how much' is not important. A writer needs 3 things: experience, observation, imagination, any two of which, at times any one of which, can supply the lack of the others. With me, a story usually begins with a single idea or memory or mental picture. The writing of the story is simply a matter of working up to that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moment, to explain why it happened or what it caused to follow. A writer is trying to create believable people in credible moving situations in the most moving way he can. Obviously he must use as one of his tools the environment which he knows. I would say that music is the easiest means in which to express, since it came first in man's experience and history. But since words are my talent, I must try to express clumsily in words what the pure music would have done better. That is, music would express better and simpler, but I prefer to use words as I prefer to read rather than listen. I prefer silence to sound, and the image produced by words occurs in silence. That is, the thunder and the music of the prose take place in silence.

INTERVIEWER

You mentioned experience, observation, and imagination as being important for the writer. Would you include inspiration?

FAULKNER

I don't know anything about inspiration because I don't know what inspiration is—I've heard about it, but I never saw it.

INTERVIEWER

As a writer you are said to be obsessed with violence.

FAULKNER

That's like saying the carpenter is obsessed with his hammer. Violence is simply one of the carpenter's tools. The writer can no more build with one tool than the carpenter can.

INTERVIEWER

Can you say how you started as a writer?

FAULKNER

I was living in New Orleans, doing whatever kind of work was necessary to earn a little money now and then. I met Sherwood Anderson. We would walk about the city in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

afternoon and talk to people. In the evenings we would meet again and sit over a bottle or two while he talked and I listened. In the forenoon I would never see him. He was secluded, working. The next day we would repeat. I decided that if that was the life of a writer, then becoming a writer was the thing for me. So I began to write my first book. At once I found that writing was fun. I even forgot that I hadn't seen Mr. Anderson for three weeks until he walked in my door, the first time he ever came to see me, and said "What's wrong? Are you mad at me?" I told him I was writing a book. He said "My God" and walked out. When I finished the book —it was *Soldier's Pay*—I met Mrs. Anderson on the street. She asked how the book was going and I said I finished it. She said, "Sherwood says that he will make a trade with you. If he doesn't have to read your manuscript he will tell his publisher to accept it." I said "Done" and that's how I became a writer.

INTERVIEWER

What were the kinds of work you were doing to earn that "little money now and then?"

FAULKNER

Whatever came up. I could do a little of almost anything —run boats, paint houses, fly aeroplanes. I never needed much money because living was cheap in New Orleans then, and all I wanted was a place to sleep, a little food, tobacco, and whisky. There were many things I could do for two or three days and earn enough money to live on for the rest of the month. By temperament I'm a vagabond and a tramp. I don't want money badly enough to work for it. In my opinion it's a shame that there is so much work in the world. One of the saddest things is that the only thing a man can do for eight hours a day, day after day, is work. You can't eat eight hours a day nor drink for eight hours a day nor make love for eight hours—all you can do for eight hours is work. Which is the reason why man makes himself and everybody else so miserable and unhappy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTERVIEWER

You must feel indebted to Sherwood Anderson, but how do you regard him as a writer?

FAULKNER

He was the father of my generation of American writers and the tradition of American writing which our successors will carry on. He has never received his proper evaluation. Dreiser is his older brother and Mark Twain the father of them both.

INTERVIEWER

What about the European writers of that period?

FAULKNER

The two great men in my time were Mann and Joyce. You should approach Joyce's *Ulysses* as the illiterate Baptist preacher approaches the Old Testament: with faith.

INTERVIEWER

Some people say they can't understand your writing, even after they read it two or three times. What approach would you suggest for them?

FAULKNER

Read it four times.

INTERVIEWER

Do you read your contemporaries?

FAULKNER

No, the books I read are the ones I knew and loved when I was a young man and to which I return as you do to old friends: the Old Testament, Dickens, Conrad, Cervantes—*Don Quixote*. I read that every year, as some do the Bible. Flaubert, Balzac—he created an intact world of his own, a bloodstream running through twenty books—Dostoevsky, Tolstoi, Shakespeare. I read Melville occasionally, and of the poets: Marlowe, Campion, Jonson, Herrick, Donne, Keats

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Shelley. I still read Housman. I've read these books so often that I don't always begin at page 1 and read on to the end. I just read one scene, or about one character, just as you'd meet and talk to a friend for a few minutes.

INTERVIEWER

And Freud?

FAULKNER

Everybody talked about Freud when I lived in New Orleans, but I have never read him. Neither did Shakespeare. I doubt if Melville did either, and I'm sure Moby Dick didn't.

INTERVIEWER

Do you ever read mystery stories?

FAULKNER

I read Simenon because he reminds me something of Chekov.

INTERVIEWER

What about your favorite characters?

FAULKNER

My favorite characters are Sarah Gamp—a cruel, ruthless woman, a drunkard, opportunist, unreliable, most of her character was bad, but at least it was character; Mrs. Harris, Falstaff, Prince Hal, Don Quixote and Sancho, of course. Lady Macbeth I always admire. And Bottom, Ophelia, and Mercutio—both he and Mrs. Gamp coped with life, didn't ask any favors, never whined. Huck Finn, of course, and Jim. Tom Sawyer I never liked much—an awful prig. And then I like Sut Lovingood from a book written by George Harris about 1840 or '50 in the Tennessee mountains. He had no illusions about himself, did the best he could; at certain times he was a coward and knew it and wasn't ashamed; he never blamed his misfortunes on anyone and never cursed God for them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTERVIEWER

Would you comment on the future of the novel?

FAULKNER

I imagine as long as people will continue to read novels, people will continue to write them, or vice versa; unless of course the pictorial magazines and comic strips finally atrophy man's capacity to read, and literature really is on its way back to the picture writing in the Neanderthal cave.

INTERVIEWER

And how about the function of the critics?

FAULKNER

The artist doesn't have time to listen to the critics. The ones who want to be writers read the reviews, the ones who want to write don't have the time to read reviews. The critic too is trying to say "Kilroy was here". His function is not directed towards the artist himself. The artist is a cut above the critic, for the artist is writing something which will move the critic. The critic is writing something which will move everybody but the artist.

INTERVIEWER

So you never feel the need to discuss your work with anyone?

FAULKNER

No, I am too busy writing it. It has got to please me and if it does, I don't need to talk about it. If it doesn't please me, talking about it won't improve it, since the only thing to improve it is to work on it some more. I am not a literary man but only a writer. I don't get any pleasure from talking shop.

INTERVIEWER

Critics claim that blood relationships are central in your novels.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FAULKNER

That is an opinion and as I have said I don't read critics. I doubt that if a man trying to write about people is any more interested in blood relationships than in the shape of their noses, unless they are necessary to help the story move. If the writer concentrates on what he does need to be interested in, which is the truth and the human heart, he won't have much time left for anything else, such as ideas and facts like the shape of noses or blood relationships, since in my opinion ideas and facts have very little connection with truth.

INTERVIEWER

Critics also suggest that your characters never consciously choose between good and evil.

FAULKNER

Life is not interested in good and evil. Don Quixote was constantly choosing between good and evil, but then he was choosing in his dream state. He was mad. He entered reality only when he was so busy trying to cope with people, that he had no time to distinguish between good and evil. Since people exist only in life, they must devote their time simply to being alive. Life is motion and motion is concerned with what makes man move—which are ambition, power, pleasure. What time men can devote to morality, he must take by force from the motion of which he is a part. He is compelled to make choices between good and evil sooner or later. Because that moral conscience demands that from him in order that he can live with himself tomorrow. His moral conscience is the curse he had to accept from the Gods in order to gain from them the right to dream.

INTERVIEWER

Could you explain more what you mean by motion in relation to the artist?

FAULKNER

The aim of every artist is to arrest motion, which is life, by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

artificial means and hold it fixed so that 100 years later when a stranger looks at it, it moves again since it is life. Since man is mortal, the only immortality possible for him is to leave something behind him that is immortal since it will always move. This is the artist's way of scribbling "Kilroy was here" on the wall of the final and irrevocable oblivion through which he must someday pass.

INTERVIEWER

It has been said by Malcolm Cowley that your characters carry a sense of submission to their fate.

FAULKNER

That is his opinion. I would say that some of them do and some of them don't like everybody else's characters. I would say that Lena Grove in *Light in August* coped pretty well with hers. It didn't really matter to her in her destiny whether her man was Lucas Birch or not. It was her destiny to have a husband and children and she knew it, and so she went out and attended to it without asking help from anyone. She was the captain of her soul. One of the calmest, sanest speeches I ever heard was when she said to Byron Bunch at the very instant of repulsing his final desperate and despairing attempt at rape, "Ain't you ashamed? You might have woke the baby." She was never for one moment confused, frightened, alarmed. She did not even know that she didn't need pity. Her last speech for example: "Here I ain't been traveling but a month, and I'm already in Tennessee. My, my, a body does get around."

The Bundren family in *As I Lay Dying* pretty well coped with theirs. The Father having lost his wife would naturally need another one, so he got one. At one blow he not only replaced the family cook, he acquired a gramaphone to give them all pleasure while they were resting. The pregnant daughter failed this time to undo her condition, but she was not discouraged. She intended to try again and even if they all failed right up to the last, it wasn't anything but just another baby.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTERVIEWER

And Mr Cowley says you find it hard to create characters between the ages of 20 and 40 who are sympathetic.

FAULKNER

People between 20 and 40 are not sympathetic. The child has the capacity to do but it can't know. It only knows when it is no longer able to do—after 40. Between 20 and 40 the will of the child to do gets stronger, more dangerous, but it has not begun to learn to know yet. Since his capacity to do is forced into channels of evil through environment and pressures, man is strong before he is moral. The world's anguish is caused by people between 20 and 40. The people around my home who have caused all the interracial tension—the Milams and the Bryants (in the Emmet Till murder) and the gangs of Negroes who grab a white woman and rape her in revenge, the Hitlers, Napoleons, Lenins—all these people are symbols of human suffering and anguish, all of them between 20 and 40.

INTERVIEWER

You gave a statement to the papers at the time of the Emmet Till killing. Have you anything to add to it here.

FAULKNER

No, only to repeat what I said before: that if we Americans are to survive it will have to be because we choose and elect and defend to be first of all Americans; to present to the world one homogeneous and unbroken front whether of white Americans or black ones or purple or blue or green. Maybe the purpose of this sorry and tragic error committed in my native Mississippi by two white adults on an afflicted Negro child is to prove to us whether or not we deserve to survive. Because if we in America have reached that point in our desperate culture when we must murder children, no matter for what reason or what color, we don't deserve to survive, and probably won't.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTERVIEWER

What happened to you between *Soldier's Pay* and *Sartoris*—that is what caused you to begin the Yoknapatawpha saga?

FAULKNER

With *Soldier's Pay* I found out writing was fun. But I found out after that not only each book had to have a design but the whole output or sum of an artist's work had to have a design. With *Soldier's Pay* and *Mosquitoes* I wrote for the sake of writing because it was fun. Beginning with *Sartoris* I discovered that my own little postage stamp of native soil was worth writing about and that I would never live long enough to exhaust it, and by sublimating the actual into apocryphal I would have complete liberty to use whatever talent I might have to its absolute top. It opened up a gold mine of other peoples, so I created a cosmos of my own. I can move these people around like God, not only in space but in time too. The fact that I have moved my characters around in time successfully, at least in my own estimation, proves to me my own theory that time is a fluid condition which has no existence except in the momentary avatars of individual people. There is no such thing as *was*—only *is*. If *was* existed there would be no grief or sorrow. I like to think of the world I created as being a kind of keystone in the Universe; that, as small as that keystone is, if it were ever taken away, the universe itself would collapse. My last book will be the Doomsday Book, the Golden Book, of Yoknapatawpha County. Then I shall break the pencil and I'll have to stop.

—JEAN STEIN

(This is the twelfth in a series on the Art of Fiction. Authors interviewed have included E. M. Forster, François Mauriac, Graham Greene, William Styron, Irwin Shaw, Alberto Moravia, Joyce Cary, Ralph Ellison, Georges Simenon, James Thurber and Nelson Algren.)

(Copyright Feb. 20 1956 by Jean Stein)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ST. JEROME

Trussed in Christianity
Like some stretched fowl upon a spit,
His oil of kindness turned to bile,
The venom curdled in his wit.

Too born of Rome to be a Jew,
He made the Bible undergo
A change of rhetoric and roll
A circumcisioned Cicero.

A balance in Hellenic thought
Impaled upon his knifelike eye
Expired and made malicious stew;
Titbits of war and prophecy!

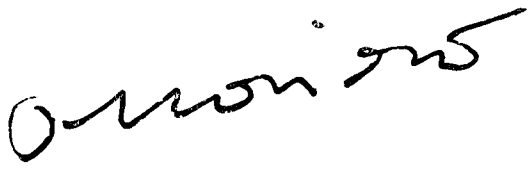
His virgins made a mock of time.
He loved their tart sterility;
His anti-sex, turned inside out,
Was at the seam pornography.

Split up like all the West to two,
He lugged his treasure up the soul
And strained to lift his feet above
His head by walking up his stole.

Naive! This struggling wrestler writhes
To free himself from his own wrest.
His truth turned sword: to gain the sword
This miser took it in his breast.

— ANDREW GLAZE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



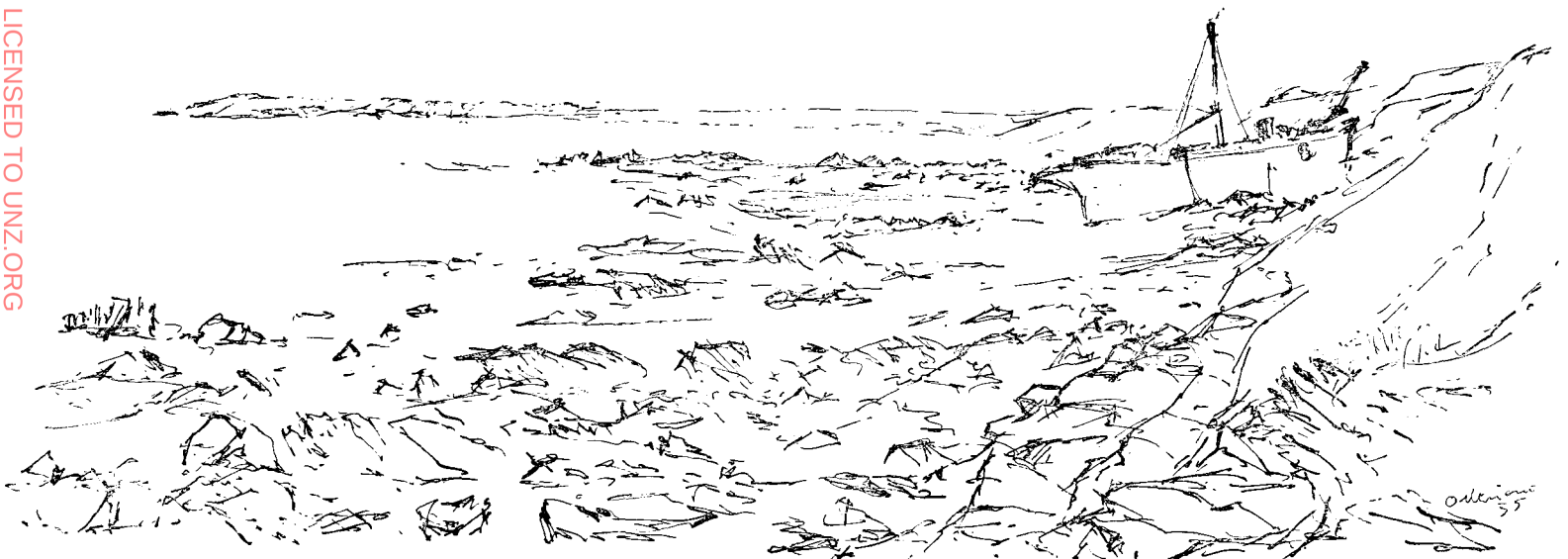
OTTAVIANO was born in Vichy in 1924. His father is Sicilian, his mother French. He studied at the Ecole des Arts Decoratifs and the Beaux Arts, but began to paint only when he left them, around 1947. His first paintings—of emaciated women in desperately barren rooms—are evocative of Gruber and bear the mark of his life, a difficult one, and of his dominant mood, melancholy. Lurking in the background, is the danger of sentimental expressionism. Ottaviano avoids it by turning fully to objective reality: the stones of Paris, the hills of Auvergne, desolate beaches, two fish on a table.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

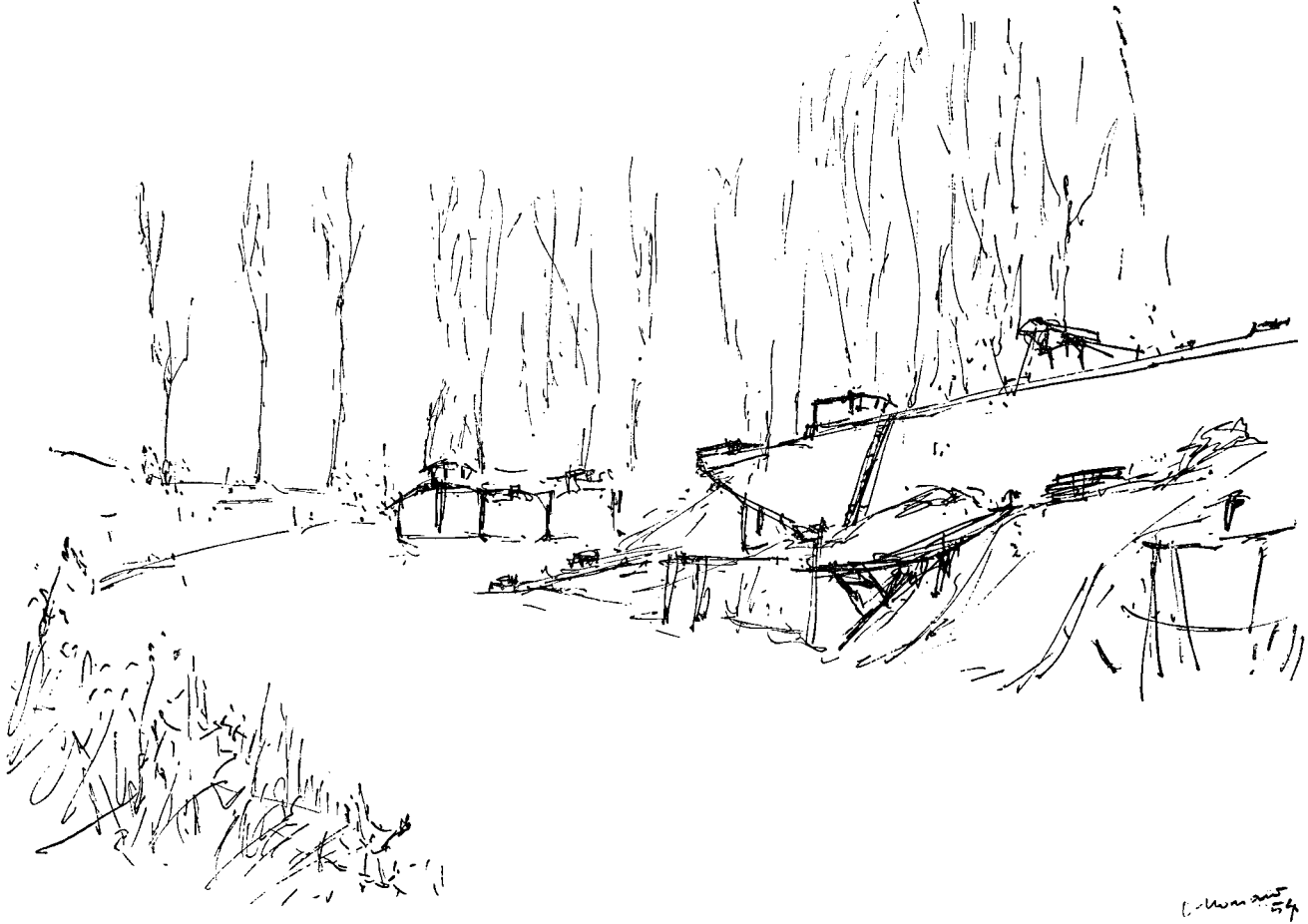
Here, the mood is integrated in the motif: the harshness of winter, the fragility of late fall or early spring. Soutine needed to be hungry to paint a piece of meat: only a man imprisoned in a city could lend such presence to landscapes. Ottaviano's lie somewhere between Courbet's and Sisley's. But they are without reference to them or to any artist. To uphold, today, the conventions of realism with so much freshness, it takes a painter who, like Ottaviano, does not dream that there might be any others.

— Pierre Schneider

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

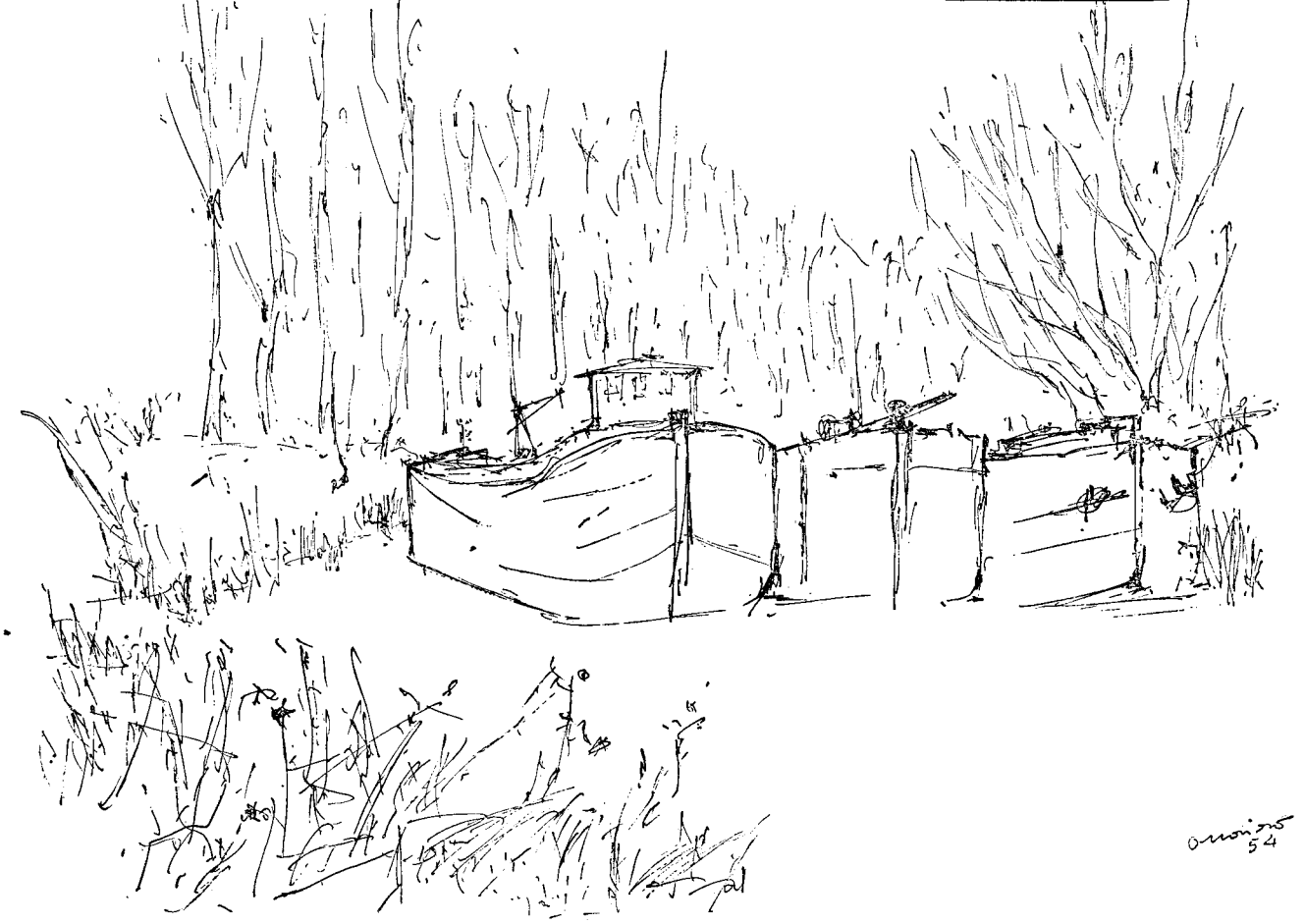


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NUOVE STANZE

Poi che gli ultimi fili di tabacco
al tuo gesto si spengono nel piatto
di cristallo, al soffitto lenta sale
la spirale del fumo
che gli alfieri e i cavalli degli scacchi
guardano stupefatti; e nuovi anelli
la seguono, più mobili di quelli
delle tue dita.

La morgana che in cielo liberava
torri e ponti è sparita
al primo soffio; s'apre la finestra
non vista e il fumo s'agita. Là in fondo
altro stormo si muove: una tregenda
d'uomini che non sa questo tuo incenso,
nella scacchiera di cui puoi tu sola
comporre il senso.

Il mio dubbio d'un tempo era se forse
tu stessa ignori il giuoco che si svolge
sul quadrato e ora è nembo alle tue porte:
follìa di morte non si placa a poco
prezzo, se poco è il lampo del tuo sguardo,
ma domanda altri fuochi, oltre le fitte
cortine che per te fomenta il dio
del caso, quando assiste.

Oggi so ciò che vuoi; batte il suo fioco
tocco la Martinella ed impaura
le sagome d'avorio in una luce
spettrale di nevaio. Ma resiste
e vince il premio della solitaria
veglia chi può con te allo specchio ustorio
che accieca le pedine opporre i tuoi
occhi d'acciaio.

— EUGENIO MONTALE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STANZAS

Now that the last shreds of tobacco
die at your gesture in the crystal bowl,
to the ceiling slowly
rises a spiral of smoke
which the chess knights and chess bishops
regard bemused; which new rings follow,
more mobile than those
upon your fingers.

The mirage, that in the sky released
towers and bridges, disappeared
at the first puff; the unseen window
opens and the smoke tosses. Down below
another swarming: a horde
of men who do not know this incense of yours,
on the chessboard whose meaning you
alone compose.

My doubt was once that you perhaps ignored
yourself the game that on the board
evolves and now is storm cloud at your doors.
Death's frenzy (for you inciting
the god of chance, when he helps) subsides at no
small cost, if small be the flame in your gaze,
but, past the close-meshed curtains, asks
a further blaze.

Today I know what you want; la Martinella
tolls faintly and frightens
the ivory figures in a spectral
snowfield light. But he resists and is
rewarded for the lonely vigil
who can with you, to this burning glass
that blinds the pawns, oppose
your eyes of steel.

—Translated from the Italian
by Ben Johnson and James Merrill

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SUMMER FIRE

THE night Coin Foreman was returned home from his wanderings, the Corinthian Baptist Church of Christ burned to the ground in a five alarm fire. Along Berriman Street the news was flashed from open window to open window by popped out heads and mouths and mouths working into the disaster gossip like fast scissors.

"Been burning now for close to three hours, say half the fire brigades of Brooklyn working on it..."

"And that ain't all. They broadcasting for the evacuation for three blocks around."

"Ohooooooowwwooooece"

"Almost started to join that church but something told me, something said right out loud..."

"...and they're calling on Manhattan to get to the rescue..."

"I knew something was gonna happen when them church collections was stolen..."

On the sidewalk Mrs. Fox and Mrs. Carth nodded together: chickens picking corn, Coin thought as he watched.

"It's the vengeance of God on them," panted Mrs. Carth.

"The insurance, I hope the insurance is paid," answered Mrs. Fox.

The Richardsons and the Jeffers had stopped playing bridge and carried the news from group to group. They were flyer pigeons roosting on the far away siren calls and flying away to excite other air with news.

"They telephone me," cried Mrs. Jeffers "that a dead body's lying at the pulpit like a roast."

"Oh great savior," was all Mrs. Richardson could manage.

"Cyril," yelled Mrs. Jeffers to her husband, "didn't I tell

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you about them cigarettes. Put that one out this minute."

"Woman I been smoking since I was a child in Trinidad."

Mrs. Jeffers was beside herself, "Cyril, I said put that damn cigarette out."

The children had stopped playing catch and jumping-rope, and take-a-giant step. They begged to go to the fire of their lives. No parent said yes and a clamor went up.

Coin was hurried along by Miss Lucy Horwitz. They were chased down the street by the darkness in and out spotlight street lamps. The scissor talk made wounds in Coin's aching head. He was safe now and at home and unhappy. His church was burning down, not the synagogue or St. Gabriel's but his church. No one had greeted or recognized him or said I'm sorry Coin. Miss Horwitz had her hand nailed to his; she wasn't going to take any chances that he'd run away again while he was with *her*.

"You'd better stay with me boy. We don't want any more criminals in the family like your brother, Oscar. Well, they can shout their prayers in the gutters now for all I care. I only hope Agnes doesn't get too close to that heat. I told her not to go there tonight but oh no your father just dragged her along to that funeral as if she hasn't had funerals enough."

Mrs. Renaldo was coming toward them in her usual mourning clothes.

"Gracious here comes that Italian scarecrow. Let's cross over." Coin pulled back.

Mrs. Renaldo had already reached them with her half, dragging trot. She stumbled toward Coin with her love for him spread out in those arms. She hugged him away from Miss Horwitz: "O mio angelo, o mio angelo Coin. Where? Where? Where were you lost? I missed, I missed, I missed you everyday."

Coin stayed in her arms. It was his first welcome home, even if she was rocking with chianti wine and dug her nails into his shoulder blades. Coin loved her. She had been his mother's friend. Miss Horwitz jerked him out of the clamping embrace. Now he was forced to go to the fire where he really

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wanted to go. But he wanted to stay, too, closed in those black sleeves of love.

During the short ride on the El, toward the scene of the fire, Miss Horwitz talked as always, sharp, as if she wanted to puncture the tire of a boy's bike.

"That Mrs. Renaldo's always hugging people. You'd better watch out Coin, one of these days you'll get a disease. I hate people to be feeling of me anyhow."

Coin was looking out of the window near Troy Avenue. He wasn't studying her a bit; he was thinking of all the other rides he had taken along this same route with his brother Woody and his sister Berniece and his father chewing gum to disguise the cigar smell. He was thinking of the morning he became a Christian so that he could pray for his mother to get well and... He was thinking of the pennies he had stolen from the collection plate to spite God because his mother had died anyway. He had had his enemies and the chief one was God... he had started his revenge the Sunday after the funeral when the usher passed that old red velvet collection plate. And everytime he took a penny out one of God's white hairs fell. Old baldyheaded God. So after a while he took to drinking lots of water. He wasn't scared now about his sin because he had nothing to do with this fire. A year ago he would have wallowed in ashes like the Jews in their grief and atonement. He was a wanderer when it all started. It wasn't his fire.

"Coin, are you listening to what I'm saying?"

"Yes, Miss Horwitz."

"What did I say just now?"

"I don't know; it's so hot in here I'd like to die."

"Where'd you get that expression from? From some of your friends on the road?"

She made road and friends sound like they were the backside of nothing. She bared her purple gums letting out the smell of old mayonnaise. Her hand was still nailed to his, the sweat between their palms was anchor glue. His "friends on the road." After he had sneaked away from his blind Uncle

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Troy and his girl friend, Mrs. Walker who made his Uncle do dirty things in bed in Washington, D.C., he got on a train for Kentucky with his saved up money to find his only friend, Ferris. He didn't even know Ferris' last name but only that he lived in a town that began with the three letters M A D... and that in Ferris' house was a golden synagogue chair. Ferris had said: "If you come visit me Coin you can take it back for your father to sit in." And then Ferris had laughed his honeysuckle laugh, and continued, "if you really came, I'd like to die." He remembered that when he had entered that train for Ferris' Kentucky every coach was crowded, loud with noise and funky. As he would pass through with his excuse-me's people turned to stare at him with this greasy lunch bag and the tag on his chest:

COIN FOREMAN—TEN YEARS OLD
I am going to Madison, Kentucky—To be met by Ferris
In case of accident or death get in touch with Ferris

Nobody had bothered to read it, not even the lady at the ticket place. She had looked at it but didn't bother to read. He had printed it nice, copying from the tag his sister Agnes had put on him when he first started for D.C. and changing it to suit himself. And he carried his map too. The one bought at Union Station Souvenier Counter. He had spread it out on a bench real smooth and found Kentucky way over there. How many mountains there were to cross, the rivers and cities, the lines on all the plains. And the criss-crossing lines. With his greasy bag, Mad—spelled Madison, his fat hope. He knew where he was going. But Ferris would be at the end. He was put in mind of the clown with the white face, red hearts painted on his cheeks and a smile painted on purple, a wig the color of carrots in his father's backyard. This old clown danced on pulling at a peppermint rope. He pulled and he pulled for all he was worth and the rope never stopped coming, it kept on coming until the middle ring of the circus was filled with the candy colors... finally at the end there came a prancing juggler tossing golden balls with lights in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them. He kept seven going like magic. That's how he knew it was going to be with him on the train; Ferris would be at the finish.

So he hadn't minded the stares. He was bunked from side to side by the people and the movement of the train until he reached a last car where there was silence except for shifting feet and bags being thunked on overhead racks. Everyone here seemed to move around like in the silent movies and the train pushing toward Kentucky with buopola, buopola, buopola music. Wheels of music. He found a seat near a hot window and sat up tall for a while. In a minute he was slumped down and asleep. He woke up with a start. It was dark outside. Pebbles of summer rain beat against his window. For a moment he didn't know where he was; at church weeping as he looked at his mother in the coffin; leading his blind Uncle Troy around Washington, D.C. or with Ferris gathering aggies from his golden garden in Kentucky. Then he felt as if he was stuffed in a bag of straw and couldn't breathe. Then when he looked around he felt cross-eyed like the time he was first drunk in the JIM-JAM Cafe in D.C. Next to him was a lump-of-dough man, fast asleep, working spit in the corners of his lips, one hand was between his legs resting on a long lump in his pants and the other was on Coin's thigh. He dared not move. There were still wheels of music but the sound was slippery in the rain. A scream in his throat was like to explode in a fire engine sound, he smelled old mayonnaise. The man at his side shifted awake. He poked his tongue at Coin and conjured signals with his fingers into his face. Still there was no sound. Coin managed to put fingers into his ears to see how they were stopped up. He looked around afraid. He longed to vanish back into his crocus sack of straw. But he couldn't get in again. When he looked around the whole car was filled to bursting with the people making their fingers in signs, pursing their lips, stretching their mouths at each other, rolling their heads, scratching the air. The only sound was slippery in the rain. He was fully awake now. Suddenly it dawned on him that they were talking in semaphore. Giant puppet men. He doubted if he could ever speak

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

again and he was afraid to try. The man next him rubbed Coin's sweating head. Kept rubbing and bubbling with his mouth sliding back and forth on a harmonica of air. Coin managed to say a scared hello. But the man gestured more than ever. Once long ago when he couldn't answer one of Miss Raidin's questions in school, she asked him if he was deaf and dumb. Now he whispered as if he were dazed awake: yes Miss Raidin I'm deaf and dumb, I'm deaf and dumb, I'm deaf and dumb... bell. That did it. He could move now. He shook his head free of the scratching hand. They all looked toward him and he smiled and made little motions with his mouth and tried to talk with his hands. A carload of smiles turned in his direction. Soon he heard crackling paper and smelled food. He remembered his lunch clutched in his hand by the window. As he started to open it a gentle hand took it from him and thrust a chicken leg at him and others came over with rolls or a piece of fruit or half a sandwich. They smiled and urged him to eat by eating themselves and pointing to the food they had offered. It was a different kind of picnic from the annual ones given by the sunday school of the Corinthian Baptist Church on Bear Mountain but these faces around him were just as happy with him in the center. If Ferris was here it would be complete. He stuffed himself grinning around between fast bites, at his silent talking Santa Clauses.

When the conductor came around for the tickets Coin fished his out and waited. Maybe this was where he would be caught or asked questions he couldn't answer. But with his friends on the car and the food peaceful inside him, he wasn't afraid. Starting from the far end of the car he heard the bite of the puncher into tickets. He was almost last. The big human blue wall was beside him, examined his ticket, his tag and then his face. Coin wiped at the grease around his mouth. The silent friends began to creep close making a circle when the conductor said, that he was sorry but Coin didn't belong in this car.

"You belong in the first car sonny, near where the engine is at." And he started to lift Coin by his arm. What did he do

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that for? The circle closed in with the freak wavings, the harmonica playing mouths, the extra spit, the crazy semaphore; closed around the conductor and walked him toward the door. Blue wall stopped near the door. Everything else stopped too. Blue wall shot his arm out, pointed his finger, like a keystone traffic cop in the movies, directly at Coin.

"Sonny, I'm telling you, this car ain't for colored!" He shut the door with a soft swish and was gone.

An arrow had been aimed at Coin and shot. The deaf and dumb were moving toward him to ease it out.

"Coin," Miss Horwitz was saying, "have you lost your senses. *Don't you know where to get off after all these years?*"

Coin stumbled out with his mind still stretched into the past. It wasn't until they were on the street that he was jerked back to the present by the fire engines clangling, flashing their murder-red lights, the siren sounds cutting the hot blue-serge air, Miss Horwitz talking to herself and him at once enjoying ahead of time the piles of ashes and bricks they were to see. Her body looked carved out of a mass of brown shoe polish and as matter-of-fact as a shoe lace, but her eyes were shining.

"Come on Coin, stop dawdling along, you'll have plenty of time for that when your sister Agnes slaps you unconscious because you didn't use the sense you were born with."

They didn't have the sense they were born with letting him out to lead around a drunken blind man who spent most of his time playing the numbers and feeling-up Mrs. Walker. He wondered why his Sister Agnes skipped around Miss Mayonnaise-smelling Horwitz, when she was so cross all the time and walked as if she always had the bathroom on her mind. She was looking at him now, reading his mind probably. Flushing his thoughts.

"Coin, you look like you've been starved to death. On the way home we'll stop by the Y.W.C.A. and get something good to eat. And I have some candy in my room. That might sweeten that sour face of yours".

Just when he was beginning to hate her she got so nice an

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all day lollypop would dissolve in her mouth. I bet she doesn't have peppermint as long as the clown's rope. And he laughed to himself.

"Would you like that?"

"Yes, Miss Horwitz."

"Now we're getting somewhere," and she squeezed the sweat of her palm into his, making a sucking sound. If she'd only let his hand go. He was always being caught, trapped.

"We'd better go to Fort Green Park and look from there. I suppose Agnes went there with the others. No use in us getting burned is there? And you'll be able to see everything. I'm not walking you too fast am I? You're a big boy now, almost a young man. We want to get there before it's all over, you know, before they put it out."

She was talking in short pants. She seemed to want to run. She even let go of his hand in her hurry. She was almost laughing like the old sisters laughed in church when God won sinners.

"Coin, you're going to miss it," and she snatched up his hand again.

She's happy because there's burning down, she offered me candy because there's terrible. She's even running like a little girl for a favorite doll. The thoughts rammed into his head from where he'd never know.

As they rapidly climbed the hill of the park to the lookout Coin saw gazing east the puffing smoke lined with murder-red and straight ahead on the lookout, everywhere crowds of people strained in one direction: toward the burning grave where they once had praised the Lord. He was sweaty hot but shivered cold as they passed group after group. Miss Horwitz smiled now and again to people she knew. No one smiled back or even noticed. Only the sound of fire laughing in nanny goat sounds, sneezing, harking, spitting, biting the air for food. On a high rock stood Reverend Brooks, hands behind his back like a prisoner waiting for the noose, (He had preached his mother's funeral: "I am the resurrection and the life and the light..." ..."She is not sealed in this coffin, she has already arisen and is in our midst like a star to guide us. Naomi Starr

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreman...") or a statue prophet doomsday couldn't melt. Next to him was his mother's old nurse, Mrs. Quick, who had urged him to become a Christian so that he could pray for his mother to get well. (She had said to him before his mother went to the faith-healer to be cured of her paralysis: "Then the needy brings up their affliction and they kneels down and he prays for each and everyone separate and they think real deep on the Lord. Many rise up well and cured.")

"Is Mama...?" he had asked in that long ago.

"Your mother's got the strength and faith to remove mountains." His mother was dead but Mrs. Quick was still on the Lord's side. Coin moved away.

Whole walls of the church had been eaten away. Where they were not all gone they looked like his brother Oscar's teeth: yellow, scarred black, uneven. Where the firemen had sprayed the most water, the charcoal wood and mess of seat cushions and hymnals reminded him of lakes of pus. The back wall where the pulpit was hadn't fallen yet and the steeple stayed steady with the dead clock near the top. Sometimes the wind blew clouds of smoke away suddenly, showing a blooming moon and summer stars and blew the smoke back into place. The hide and seek game.

At Coin's right was a group in black. The women had long veils. The men with them wouldn't watch down there. They seemed alone and together, shaking with tears. Once in a while they shifted position in a losing game of wet checkers. Coin watched Mrs. Quick move toward him, there was no escape, looking like she had lost her smelling salts and ointments for those in distress. Her face was pocked in balls of sweat and her hair under the nurse's cap had gone completely back into the grease that had made it straight. She came forth whispering hoarse, her big bosoms pushing the air toward him in heat.

"Lord have mercy, here's my boy again, now you know it is." Her bosoms hit him in the nose like hot, damp suns. "Oh gracious Coin you done come back. Ain't that wonderful, now you know it is, that's the family of Deaconess Westerfield over there, where you been, well pain like this come but once, leastwise I hope."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coin started to jerk away.

"Don't be frightened, just remember your prayers. Good evening, Miss Horwitz; Coin, I'm glad your mother ain't here to witness, you know I am."

Don't mention, please don't mention my mother, please, please.

"I seen your father over yonder with Agnes." Coin was looking off. "Coin your father's over there with your sister Agnes and Woody and Berniece, ain't this something though."

Someone said a loud shhhhhhhhhshhhhhhhhh. Mrs. Quick took Coin to one side and continued breathing, like his father's indigestion or pleurisy, and whispering.

"You remember Deaconess Westerfield don't you Coin. Remember how nice she was when you went up to the Christian test?"

Coin nodded without thinking.

"Well Lord, she's in that coffin there, in that fire burning up, now you know she is. I saw her laid out and I saw them close the lid and she's in there. Oh yes. On the side she told me she wanted the cremation even if she was a Christian. Her folks refused the request but the Lord moved in the mysterious way."

She was almost weeping now. "She were my best friend..."

Several voices now let out shhhhhhhhhshhhhhhh's and Mrs. Quick shut her mouth in sucking sobs.

Miss Horwitz said: "Mrs. Quick do you want some of your smelling salts. Get yourself together. You're not burning up or dying." Coin couldn't make out if she was making fun or trying to help Mrs. Quick.

Mrs. Quick faced Miss Horwitz direct. "Oh Lord that this awful thing should happen to my dear Westerfield. She were born between Gemini and Cancer. And the book say she had to die this sort of way. Now you know, I don't believe that."

Miss Horwitz scanned her like she would a piece of old bacon. "Mrs. Quick you're making everybody nervous. Please stop now."

"I'm trying, I'm trying the best I can but it all shakes me into the marrow of my bones. I'm trying, trying....."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A rocket of fire shot up, bursting in the air like Fourth of July. Red stars came down. Heads followed the design. Coin closed his eyes wishing it would all stop and leave him in peace. (He remembered touching Deaconess Westerfield's hump for good luck all those times in church. "If you touch the hump on her back it will bring you good luck, you know that." Woody had said. Coin obeyed.) He was afraid now because that hump on her back didn't save her from dying double like this. Esther, his girl friend, told him that humps were like pandora's box filled with germs enough to kill the world. He wondered, with a shudder, if the flames would kill all that stuff in the hump or if even now the air was filled with the diseases of the world. This air smelled with everything from tears to sweat, bowel movements, dead flowers, iodine, sewers, Oscar's feet, everything. He began to run and ran smack into Miss Horwitz who set her nails into his shoulders and commanded. "Stand still. Where do you think you're running to now?" There were thousand of inches of smell and disease. The wind lifted it up in a giant cloud of smoke and blew it against the crowd. The congregation faced around together covering their faces. What Esther said couldn't be true or Miss Horwitz wouldn't be there and if the people believed it they must want to die because without their church they couldn't live. If everybody died Coin wanted to die too. Except for Ferris. He was mixed up. So much happened at once.

The wind blew in another direction so the people could look again. New sirens began to sound, water exploded more fire into the air worse than before and the back wall began to crack in a lightning zig-zag. A moaning went up and out of it one voice fluttered in a bird singing, another added to it. The duet flew out thin and clear against the cracking-wall sound, the heavy breathing of the people around him, his own loud heart, the dying of the sirens as they came to rest.

"Oh, what a morning,
Ohoo, what a morning,
Ohoooo, what a morning
When the stars begin to fall..."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coin looked out over Brooklyn with Mrs. Quick's sobbing in the back of his head touching his hair and his skull, working his brains. People sang under the dust. Sounded like music in a mattress. He saw way over the lights of Manhattan. The Brooklyn bridge drawn across the air above the river. There were cars everywhere hurrying as if nothing at all was burning here. The Paramount and the Fox Theatres had big signs made of millions of bulbs blinking off and on announcing, in electricity, cowboy pictures and kissing in the tunnels of love. A zeppelin floated over the east river where every star was clear. Could the people on it see where God was burning down the history of his confession, his lessons in Matthew, Mark, Luke and John? A third voice joined in, braiding the black hairs of the song.

"Ohooooooooo, what a morning
When the sun refuse to shine
When the moon begins to fall
When the stars don't shine at all
Look in my God's right hand
When the sun begin to fall..."

The baptismal pool was dry.

"There ain't no use crying over spilt milk," he heard Miss Horwitz whisper to the sobbing Mrs. Quick, "look at those people down there in the streets by the church. They're moving out of their homes, where they sleep and eat. Maybe all their stuff will be burned. Cry over them."

Coin hadn't noticed the streets around the church. Sure enough families in houses across the streets on either side of the church were carrying out possessions in a hurry. Great big, busy ants of people scurrying with mattresses rolled on their heads, bedclothes, kettles, chairs, birdcages (the birds must be dead already, no more canary songs in those houses), dogs followed their masters barking, kids had their skates and jumpropes, dolls, little suitcases, an old woman was hugging a dressmaker's dummy, dismantled beds, one woman had all her hats on her head on top of each other. A red rose bobbed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on top. And the procession of those escaping was increasing reminding him of his father's bible story of the flight into Egypt.

"Sodom and Gomorrah," he heard Miss Horwitz say.

Mrs. Quick was on her feet now looking hard with smelling salts to her nose. "Now you know there's Mrs. Nattie Carrington trying to sneak out of Dr. Bullocks in her underclothes and he been a widower lo these many years. There's that Marshall child in a pink satin kimona escaping with the Link boy. You're right Miss Horwitz it ain't only the church, it's the scandal. Well I declare! I knew the Lord must'uv had a purpose somewhere. He's smoking evil out into the open. No telling what all they'd be if I had a pair of those spy glasses my late husband used to dangle wherever we went. But the pawn got em now, now you know..."

"Mrs. Quick shut up."

The fireman stopped aiming at the steeple with water. Soon all the hoses were laid in a tangle on the ground. The fire engines started up the street and stopped at a distance. Only all the lights with the murder-red and white were trained like spotlight cannon on the steeple. As the steeple began to sway dizzy the people on the hill walked backwards at first slowly and then faster, fleeing to the open space behind the lookout. There wasn't a rush and tangle but a steady scared moving away. Coin went with them, his heart like glass fit to break. Everybody stopped. There was a falling Niagara Falls roar from the crowd that rose up and died down again, as a first crack in the middle of the steeple spread down zig-zagging like a lightning snake lower and lower. The clock burst out and flew, winding parts zinged in the air and the four flat faces skipped, leveled and settled. Then one by one the bricks began to speed everywhere in twos and threes and fifteens shot from a beanshooter machine. The flames waved out like battle flags. Pitchforks of fire. Hard, red birds fighting in the sky, in smoke and stink. Lances of steel.

It was exactly midnight. Coin heard the first bell from the churches of Brooklyn strike the hour. Everynight they struck the midnight hour. The moaning crowd was silent gradually

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The bells from Nazarine, Siloam, St. Anthony's, The Baptist Temple, Green Avenue Presbyterian, The Church of The Ascension, St. Anne's, Claremont Congregational, Concord Baptist... mostly they came in unison, sometimes a note apart, crossing each other. All the notes were there. Bong four. Alto, soprano, bass. The Lafayette Church of Christ was the deepest and longest and swelled between the others holding them together like the organ of the Corinthian Baptist Church used to the whole choir. Bong six. The golden pipes were folding in the heat at this minute, Coin saw. Bong nine. They bowed to right and left, sometimes backwards or to each other in their heat, and collapsed with the gold peeling, fluttering down like broken butterflies. Bong twelve. A little ringing was left in the air. That stopped altogether.

The funeral for his church was over.

Coin couldn't wipe the tears away from his eyes fast enough to dry his face, before Miss Horwitz came, followed by his father.

"Well, Mr. Foreman," Miss Horwitz smiled at the wreck below, "it looks like God has at last let you down."

Mr. Foreman put his arm about Coin's shoulder gently. It was a welcome. His father's hair was so grey now. His father's voice was soft, soft like when you can't talk loud after waking up when a dream had been bad.

"Miss Horwitz I don't know how you pray, I don't know when. I don't care. But for me and my children... our... our lives were spent in that church, my children were baptized in that pool, my wife was buried from there. And to all these people there was something in those walls that made life bearable. We knew we could never be alone because God was in there with us. Laugh to yourself, make fun alone but don't laugh at our disaster. Don't laugh at our faith before the children. We will build again. Goodnight."

Something burst and lit up the park for a second but in that time Coin thought he saw something like thorns for Jesus in Miss Horwitz' eyes.

His father walked slowly down the hill feeling his way. Coin knew that there would be no scoldings from him. Some-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

how he didn't care one way or the other about punishments. Punishments passed just as lights went out and would go on once more. His father took the long way round the hill as if he didn't want to speak to the others. Coin was glad for that and the arm on his shoulder. If he had known how to say it he would have repented something or the other to his father. He didn't know how to say or do anything. He hadn't even been able to reach Kentucky even when he was on the train for it. He had failed somehow. The search for his friend Ferris had ended in this fire. He couldn't even speak to his father who loved him so much and say that he'd take a paper route and give all the money to help "rebuild again." He felt lost and terrified like sleeping in a room where there was a dead rat, in the wall, you couldn't locate, but you had to sleep there just the same. There was no other place to lay your head.

Going home now down the winding Fort Green Park Road. Going home now with his father's tired hand on his tired shoulder. Going home to a slap from Agnes and giggles from Woody and Berniece.

He would have another birthday soon, after this summer. Sometimes it came Thanksgiving day or the day before or the day after. They would say as always with juicy smiles: "Thanksgiving dinner is your birthday dinner. There isn't a boy alive who has such a dinner on his birthday." Even if he had never been born they would have had Thanksgiving dinner.

Fireflies lit the bushes as he and his father passed. Such little fire but they were safe and glowed and couldn't burn a gnat.

"They're pretty," said Mr. Foreman.

"They sure are," answered Coin.

He wished he could go to sleep and wake up another birthday when he was old enough to march into the world and erase everything that wasn't a wonder. But now he was without teachers or a chalk to mark his globe. Of course he had gone and had been brought back by the police. But ten years was more than nine years old. At least he had learned about the deaf and dumb and blind. He had expected to come back with new aggies and the diamonds for Esther and the golden

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

synagogue chair for his father to sit in. He had come back to Revelations in the Bible instead. The end of that book was only the beginning for him. As he listened to nothing in the silent darkness he heard the deaf and dumb people, from the train, signal language to him in semaphore. They had been locked in dark closets and had found a way out. Now he had to sleep before tomorrow. He would figure out why the church burned down and why God worked in mysterious ways and not in the open. But no matter what he found in answers, there would always be the burned bones of Deaconess Westerfield's hump, the thorns for Jesus in Miss Horwitz' eyes.

SONG

An eye for an eye, love
A mouth for a mouth
Next me lie, love
I'll give you both

I'll give you both, love
Next me lie
Scatter our limbs
Til the cocks cry

At cock's-cry
Limb by limb
Each take the other's
Life from him

—BARBARA DEMING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HER COUNTRY PLACE

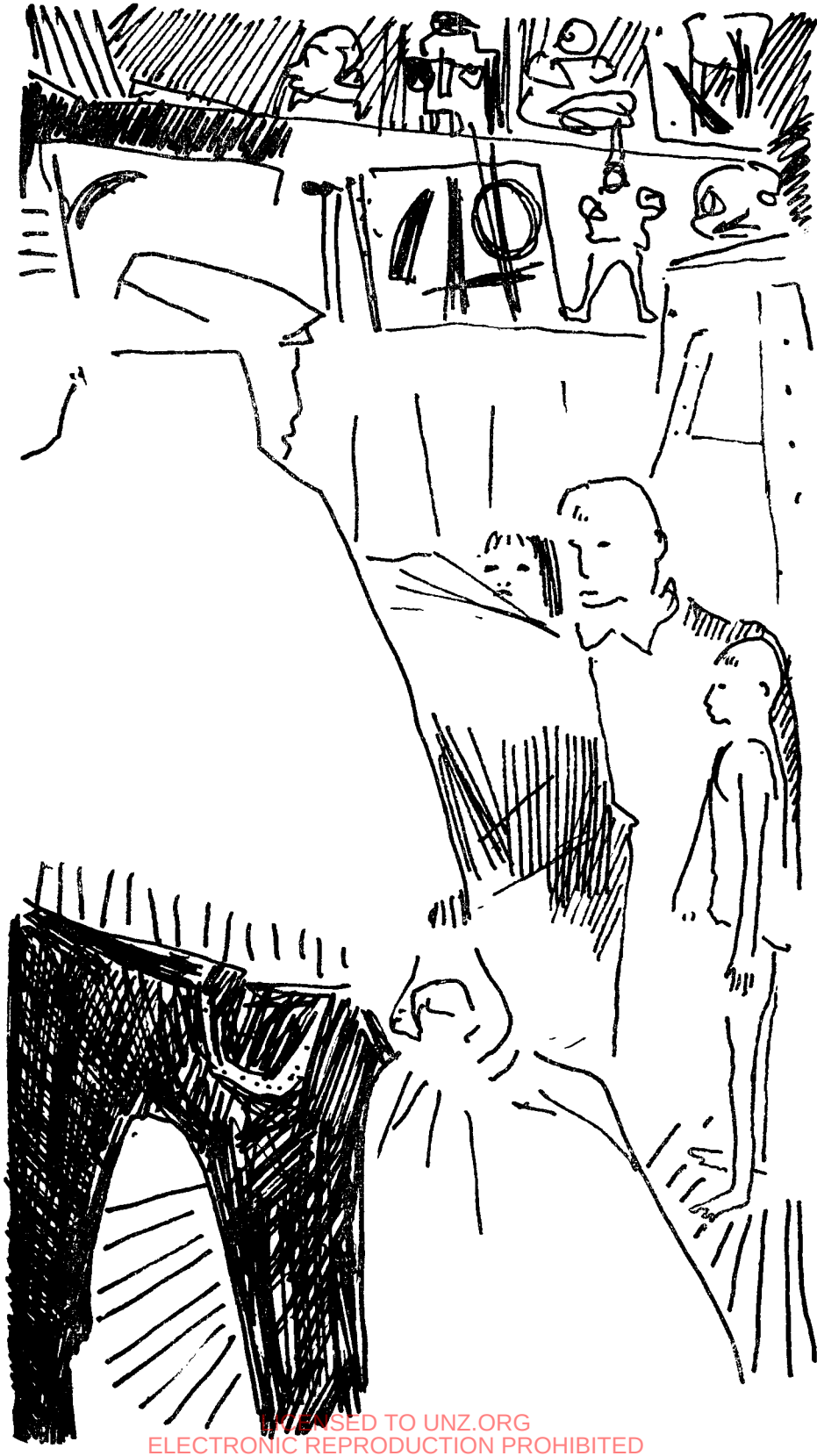
My luckless lady needs no sheet of sun
Nor winter's briskest word
  To stir her now,
Needs not these
  Nor the rage of print on a wood told page
    To lift her high
    And let her lie
In justice's fold and the dome-shaped splendor.
  If time betray not morning's carved forecast
    She will be dancing
      In that unpredictable palace of quaint devices
  To sophisticated music
      And multitudinous green chimes.

Here where no song is on the romped
Amorous fields, and the tall stocks
  No longer yielding
To the sudden inclination,
 What marvel is left that the dawn does not furbish
    And the night undo
    (Tokens clawing through
Marble)? Only summer's repitition,
  Perpetual clang of the rain-chanting seasons.
    Gay, delicate
      Wanton, no more do the days prepare inexplicable
  Strangeness, flung light supported
      By shadows. Darkness returns on itself.

    Well, now you are gone,
      Let wind do as it pleases;
    I have no use for the crafty moon
      Or the haystack bed.
    Gray were your eyes and fierce the desire—
      I shall not forget.

—DAVID LOUGÉE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AROUND THE DEAR RUIN

My sister married Leo Brady because he was a merchant seaman and made good wages, and because he was gone most of the time. She and her five-year-old boy had been living on the sales of her cable-car etchings that tourists to San Francisco picked over in the little art galleries and bookstores, and on the sporadic sales of her oil paintings. They were married a few days after he came from sea, and a week later his ship sailed again for the Orient. In the six weeks he was away, the steamship company sent her, at his request, all his wages. But the day that he returned was unrewarding for Leo.

Clara had her studio in an old building on Columbus street. The first floor was occupied by the Garibaldi Club, whose members assembled every evening for cards; above her, on the top floor, lived two young men, a bank clerk and a window dresser. But she knew Leo's step on the bottom stair and, lifting her head from the pillow, she said, "Why couldn't his ship have cracked in two? All the others did."

I was kneeling to help Mark, her boy, undress for bed, and I paused with my hands at his waist and lifted my head to hear her above his prattling. "Did you want anything?" She had been lying in a fever all day.

"Listen, listen!" she admonished me.

And I listened and heard the steps.

Swinging the boy lightly up, I sat him down on his bed. That day I had crew-cut his hair because he had wanted to imitate me, and his shorn skull sparked the tiny, blue confetti eyes that were like mine, like Clara's, and gave a malapert air to my red-striped T-shirt that I'd been wearing under my

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sweater and had slipped over him to sleep in; but it wasn't the moment, after Clara's belated curse upon her approaching husband, to carry the boy out for her to admire. Wrapping him in under a couple of army blankets and a Mexican serape, I stepped out from behind the screen just as Leo set down his suitcase outside the door.

"Tell him I ate poisoned pigs-feet!" she cried in a desperate whisper. "It's called botulism. Tell him I died, Eddie," she begged. "I'll pull the sheet over my head and he'll go away."

Leo knocked shyly at the door as he opened it. When he entered, his bigness and his suitcase lent him a proprietary aura that he didn't want. Up went his hand to remove his old black fedora and beamingly, deferentially, stood forth his young bald head.

"Clara's sick," I told him, when we had shaken hands.

Leo's brown eyes swelled sharply and his hands at once hung limply, unable to administer, in the artful way he felt necessary, the sympathy they held. With the contempt she had implanted in me, I thought: Why did he include himself in their marriage? If he really loved her then he would sacrificially send her his wages and never appear in person.

"She catch something?" he asked, his voice low and longing.

"The flu, I guess. She got me out of art school this morning."

"Did you call a doctor?"

"She doesn't want one."

As if walking in bungling slippers he tiptoed to her, and his throat and his eyes were full of love and of reluctant pleasure from the thought that she was helpless and he could help her. She was lying with her face towards the wall and did not turn or move a muscle. Her long mane of coarse, unshining hair, the inert color of walnuts, lay out upon the pillow, and the very tip of this he bent twice to kiss.

"She's asleep," I said, taking my coat from the chair. "Mark's already in bed."

But he couldn't speak, so full of her presence was he, and bending again he kissed her hair for the third time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Watch the fever," I reminded him from the doorway.

"Eddie," she called.

The silence she ought to have kept overcame me.

"Going?" She spoke to the wall. "Okay, and always remember to contradict your teachers. It makes good biography." In spite of her dismay at his return and in spite of her weak condition, her voice took up again for Leo the thread of seduction, like a long lost, bad habit.

Leo was listening above the bed, his body in leather jacket and black frisko jeans solemn with his yearning toward the impending moment when she would realize, now that she was awake, that he had come home.

Imposed upon me as I ran down the two flights of stairs was the memory of all the delicacies Clara had been serving the past few weeks, the Sunday evenings I came to supper—things bought with Leo's money, like Italian pastries, lobster and crab, crème de cacao. The uneasiness I'd felt when partaking of that food struck at me now on the dim stairs like an accomplice Leo had left there. But I found justification for her exploiting him by recalling that all our years had been lean ones and our beginning ugly as a celery root. In the town of Monterey, our father (his patron a real-estate woman, gross and canny, in whose house we all had lived) still sat in taverns, his duck pants colored by oilpaint and spilled brandy, telling like an immortal Peeping Tom of intimacies of famous men from biblical figures down through the centuries to Mussolini. At sixteen Clara had come up the coast to San Francisco and modeled at the art schools to pay for her tuition. A plain girl, short, long-waisted, heavy in the legs, she had seemed, contrarily, to be burning incense to herself inside herself; wrapped in a Japanese cotton kimona and wearing copper earrings like cymbals, she would ascend the dais, and the dropping of the kimono was always graceful and positive. With this intensity she had ably and desperately converted her plainness into a neutral vessel containing the elixir of life. Two years ago when I graduated high-school and followed her, I arrived just in time to make the acquaintance of Mark's father, with whom she had been living for six years and who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

disappeared a few weeks after I met him. Small, dark-eyed, he had reminded me of a Shetland pony—any child could own him. All he left behind was a packing job in a ceramics shop and, like a guest departing, a copy of a highly literate quarterly containing two pages of his poetry. Leo Brady, a seaman with allegiance only to artists and a desire for talented women, came on the scene a year ago and had bided his time until another of her affairs had frayed and torn. The marriage, on her part, was an act of panic. The week he spent with her before his ship sailed she was drunk day and night, a half-nude, hanging haired drunkenness that he mistook for celebration. My recall of these things and the sympathy for her evoked by them absolved me of the guilt of complicity and pinned my assailant against the wall, leaving me free to slip out unburdened into the cool evening and to forget even her and her fever.

At noon when I knocked at the orange door there hung within the studio an atmosphere of drowsing tension. Leo called for me to enter. He was sitting by the window, his legs crossed wearily, angrily, and the glare of noon revealed strikingly the shabbiness that had accumulated since his return. Hope had ebbed from his eyes, in the way a mirage leaves the air empty; the pin-stripe shirt was partly untucked from his jeans and open halfway down his chest; and the black socks he'd been walking around in had fallen at the ankles and their soles were dusty. He put his finger to his lips.

"Who's there?" Clara asked.

"I thought you were asleep," he said.

"Not till I die," she replied, her voice like green brass. She turned on her back, laying her arms above her head, but saying nothing more. Her face was opalescent, wedge-shaped by pain, and my heart turned over.

"Did you call a doctor?" I asked, sitting by him.

"She won't let me."

"Did she sleep all day?"

"With her eyes open." Unable to say whether her shunning

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of him came of delirium or of some surprising hatred, he was confused to the point of alarm.

I shrugged. "Maybe she knows what's wrong and has her own remedy." And to comfort him: "When she gets a little better, she'll realize you're home."

"She knows it," he said loudly, snipingly, in spite of himself.

"Oh, God, I know it!" There was always an unpredictability about her and when she rose on her elbows, flinging her hair behind her, she gave me the same shock as would the sight of a mermaid rising from the waters of a public beach. "I know it like a stone around my neck. It wouldn't be so bad if I could just forget him when he's gone, but it didn't work." She dropped her chin toward her chest. "Eddie," she wailed, "I feel terrible. Call Dr. Lawson and tell him I'm dying. Tell him to save me."

But when I stood up she stared at me with a ponderous frown, her eyes deep inside her head like little gray pebbles. "Where you going?" she demanded. "You just got here. What the hell is the matter with you, you didn't have to come at all." Her strangeness poked a sharp finger into my chest, and I sat down again for a complying moment.

"You asked me to call your doctor."

"You been directing all your questions at him," she complained, "and he doesn't know a damn thing. He knows as much as a stone knows." She lay down again, stared up at the ceiling. "How simple are his wants. All he desires is to identify himself with artists. He married Clara Ruchenski because she'd had an exhibit in some dank, little gallery and sold a painting once a year. How happy he was on our wedding night. I thought people didn't get that happy anymore, not since before the Flood when everybody was a brute with a big, smiling face. No, no, I'm wrong!" she wailed, tossing her head from side to side in the agony of indecision. "I take it all back. I never did think like that about Leo. I'm not an intellectual snob. Please, Eddie," she begged, you know "I'm not. You know me, don't you, Eddie?"

Leo and I stood up.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I don't hate him, Eddie. I mean I wouldn't if I weren't married to him. He'd be a big, sweet guy with a respect for artists. That's the way I used to think, and I slept with him a few times, too."

"Be quiet, be quiet," I said.

"You shut up!" she cried, rising again on her elbows. "You're so good, aren't you? I hate to take you along to a party, always hanging in a corner like a tintype of a great artist in his youth and obscurity. If there's anything I hate it's hang-cheek people." She tossed her hair behind her and then thinking it was still falling forward went groping for it with a blind hand over her breasts.

Leo was putting on his shoes and coat, his movements the sibilant, busy ones of a hurt person departing.

"Leonard Brady! Don't let me hear you walking on tiptoe anymore," she cried beseechingly. "I listen to your quiet and it's a terrible din. You're not barefoot, your stupidity makes an awful clatter. You wear logger's boots, Brady. Even when you glance at me I hear children blowing silly tin horns. But, Oh, God, when you touch me! I'm struck deaf by the chaos. All beautiful sounds vanish over a mountain and I hear nothing but dead air. Leonard Brady!" Above his bustling she screamed his name like a cry of recognition of all that his personality was.

"Lie down, Clara," I said when Leo had closed the door after him, and her hair was grimy damp to my palm.

"Eddie, Eddie!" she wept dryly, lying back and clamping my wrist in both her hands, and her bared teeth were coated with the suffering that she had concealed from us.

When I got down to the sidewalk, he was standing with his hands in his pockets, squinting up at the sun, his small, flat face, pocked by the sea's sun and winds, grayed by the slashing pain in his heart. "It is time for the kid to come home?" he asked. "I could buy him a meal in a restaurant so he wouldn't have to go up."

Together we walked the few doors to the bakery, and he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stared bleakly at the Italian pastries while I called her doctor on the pay phone. Then for a few minutes I waited on the sidewalk with him for the woman who took Mark to kindergarten in her car, along with her own son, and brought him back.

"Why in the hell didn't she marry Picasso, then?" he said.

Shrugs were becoming habitual with me. I was unable to tell him what I had discovered, that she had married him at the nadir of her life. She was twenty-six already and none of the dreams had come true. Leo beside me, a sailor home from the sea, a motherly young man, was unaware that he had been inflated into a grotesque figure, beyond anyone's recognition, by her terrible fear of the anonymous and the unsung.

Leo sat down on the stairs just inside the entrance, and I went up again. The door was open and inside the studio Mark, who had returned while we were in the bakery, was leaning against the wall, crying. At first I thought that Clara was comforting him from a distance, urging him to come to her. But she was complaining about the Chinese boy who sometimes sits on a crate full of blue pigeons in front of a poultry and fish shop in Chinatown and, lifting out a fluttering pigeon at a time, cuts its throat while its wings stretch fanwise across his forearm. She was pleading with the boy to stop, her voice thin, bewitched, like that of a pigeon granted a human voice in the last moment of its life. Mark was crying because she did not recognize him. His back was to her and in his hands he held protectively from her his red oilcloth briefcase in which he always brought home his crayon drawings for her to see.

Leo rode a bus across the Golden Gate Bridge to Muir Woods, carrying the urn in a paper sack. Under the big redwood trees he spilled her ashes, on that spot where he had first kissed her, the day they had picnicked there and she had painted a watercolor. On his return to the city later in the day, he gave the urn to a junk dealer on McAllister street, and there was nothing more to attend to. Mark had been taken up

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to Santa Rosa by his paternal grandparents, owners of a chicken-ranch, responsible people who, whenever they had driven the fifty miles to San Francisco, had always brought money for Clara, and fresh eggs and poultry. Leo trudged down to the hiring hall, sat for a day and a half, and signed aboard a Pacific Far East Line freighter sailing for Manila, Yokohama, and Hongkong. The night before he left he came to my room, and I served him sherry and panettone. He sipped and chewed awkwardly, ashamed in my presence, unable to formulate a reason why she had so frantically wanted to rid herself of his child that she had undergone surgery performed by nobody knew who, some man or woman in a shaded kitchen whose window we could never identify in the city's hundreds of vertical lines of scaly windows.

With a slice of panettone balanced on the fork of his fingers, he said at last, "We could of afforded a kid. We could of afforded nine of them. She didn't need to worry." His face was set forward smartingly, as into the eye of the wind. "I got three brothers and two sisters. We didn't live on caviar, but we loved each other. My father was a skilled mason, laid the steps on a lot of those civic center buildings in Los Angeles."

A raisin from the slice he held fell to the floor, and he leaned over heavily, apologetically, picked it up and placed it delicately on the table's edge.

From Yokohama he wrote me a short letter, asking me to take good care of his record collection and the puppets he had brought from Italy after the war, armored knights a foot high that hung upon the studio walls. His letter was like a note of greeting and reminder that a connoisseur, traveling, might address to the caretaker of his apartment's treasures. On that last evening he had persuaded me to move out of my one room and into Clara's studio. "If you don't mind," Leo had said, "I could leave my things there and when I come in between runs maybe you could put me up for a couple of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nights." But when his ship docked again in San Francisco he didn't call on me.

Once in a while when Clara was alive and I had an evening free from the janitor work that paid my tuition at the art school and from handpainting silk blouses for a wholesaler, the labor I lived by, then I used to go down to Vesuvio's and have a glass of wine with Clara and her friends. But I never went anymore after Clara died, for mourning's sake and because the pity that overwhelmed me whenever I remembered her lying demented and dying, and I remembered often, was tarnished by fear for myself and my own end. Since I kept away from her friends, I heard next to nothing about Leo. In January, eight months since the evening he said goodbye, I received a second letter, from Kobe, inquiring about Mark and about my studies. But he gave me no address where I could reach him, so I gathered he didn't care for an answer. Then one midnight in March I met him on the street near Vesuvio's, and a woman was with him.

Leo saw me approach and waited, blinking resignedly.

"Well, Leo," I said, shaking his hand. "Why don't you let anybody know when you get into town?" Steel-rimmed glasses clarified his eyes now, and he wore a navy blue suit, doubly buttoned across his heaviness.

Leo introduced the woman as Evelyn and she smiled at me nimbly, her crowded teeth curving out from under her upper lip. She was a red-haired, attractive woman, her full bosom snugly wrapped by her green silk dress. Leo asked me to accompany them to Vesuvio's, and the woman walked ahead of us, a precise, quick, ballet walk in low heels, her long coat swinging smartly. A day or so later I heard from someone at school that she was the estranged wife of the psychiatrist Irving Eidel and that she was engaging in an affair, in imitation of her husband.

Over the first pouring of wine, Leo clasped my shoulder. "Saw a painting of yours at the museum," he said. "You're doing all right, kid... And he's only twenty-one," he said to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Evelyn. The fear of ridicule took a quick sidestep across his face. "You don't paint like your sister did," he said to me. "You got human beings in yours. Her pictures all looked like broken glass. I always felt like I was walking barefoot in broken glass."

"If you'd wear shoes you wouldn't get hurt," the woman said.

"I'm not talking about art," he replied, coloring. "I'm talking about Clara. I was married to her."

"*That* I've heard before," she said, sharpening. "Is it your only claim to distinction? Haven't you even got a battle ribbon to talk about?"

Behind his glasses his eyes went small in humiliation. I put my hands on the table to move it away from him, for his wrath was jamming him in between the table and the wall. But the woman slipped her arms around his neck, kissing him on his throat between the shirt collar and his jaw. "The trouble with you, Leo baby," she said pawingly, "is you don't love yourself."

"Don't give me any of that crap," he said, straining away from her. "You want me to kiss myself in the mirror every night?"

She began to laugh, her teeth springing forward handsomely, her sloping shoulders shaking. After a moment her laughter lost its erudition and became simple merriment. With her quaking body against his chest, he drew one arm out from her encircling arms, turned his face up and lit a cigarette. Then he gave way and laughed himself, a contrapuntal laugh, high in his nose, deep in his chest. While this was going on, four of their friends filed through the swinging doors and drew up chairs around the table. Neither of the couples had I met before.

"He's Clara Ruchenski's brother," Leo said, introducing me to one couple. "They're from New York," he explained to me, "they never met her." And of them he asked, "When did you come out to the coast?"

"Last August," the woman replied.

"She died a year ago May," he said.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Evelyn Eidel was chatting with the other couple and didn't hear. After a few minutes I left, because I had to be at the school early to help open doors, I said. But my impatience with Leo was growing unbearable and it seemed to me that I pressed my elbows to my sides not to make room for the other persons but to keep myself from jolting everyone away from me.

One Sunday morning a month later I was wakened at six o'clock by Leo knocking at my door. Defensively he wore the preoccupied, hounded look of a fiction detective who can intrude upon anyone any hour. Sitting before my drawing board he remarked on the changes in the sutdio. My untidiness prevailed; the green velvet spread that Clara had laid over the broad couch that served as a bed was worn gray in spots; and only one painting remained of Clara's, a small red and gray abstract that I had chosen to keep—the others, big and small, had been sold at an exhibit of her work at the Contemporary Gallery. But the four Italian knights in armor hung on the wall still, and his record collection was neatly upright in its section of the record case. He didn't comment on his belongings.

"Did you hear that Evelyn and I broke up?" he asked when we sat down to breakfast. "No, you couldn't of so soon. It happened only last night. Nobody's heard about it yet, I guess." He picked up his fork. "I been walking around all night."

Oh, I see, you want the parting to break the Sabbath calm, I accused him silently. You can hardly wait until the word is spread around among your artist friends and you are the subject of animated conversation.

"She took a liking to me at first," he went on. "Practically hog-tied me. I figured she saw me for myself, saw me with angel eyes. You know how you always wait for somebody to come along and see your heart of gold, right smack they look into your eyes for the first time." He gave one short, great cough to clear his entire chest. "But she only wanted

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some guy to sit at her feet. No intellectual. She was roughing it." He removed his glasses, and the flesh around his eyes was puffed to receive a blow.

Pedantically I said, "You should have learned something from Clara. I was only an eyewitness, but I learned that you kneel too much."

Expertly his eyes jabbed at me. "Be an eyewitness to this too, Eddie," he said coldly. "You'll be an eyewitness to a lot of things before you're my age." Again he slipped his glasses on, his careful, trembling hand foretelling how he would be in his old age, and reaching into his coat pocket he brought out a tiny, enameled box, the kind for carrying pills in. Blue roses were painted on it.

"Never showed this to anybody but you," he said. "Don't get scared, but in this box is all that remains of Clara Ruchenski. The rest of the ashes are already part of the leaf mold and people have picknicked over her. But there's a little bit of ashes in here, took it for myself when I scattered the rest. Want to see?"

With false aplomb he bounced the box in his hand in an attempt to forestall his collapse, for his voice was breaking and falling in his chest like the sea in a cavern. All at once I crossed my arms against my chest to entrap there a wailing for my lost apprenticeship to Clara, for the sensitivity that, in this moment of revulsion towards Leo, it seemed to me I had lost in the past year.

"She's in the palm of my hand," he said, "That's why I kept this. She's harmless and she's amenable. She's nothing. If I took the ashes between my fingers, it would powder off into air. But I'm alive, God damn it, and that means something. There's a big difference between alive and dead, they can snigger all they want and talk big about how life is so meaningless. This hand, it's alive. Black winch cable slides through it, and it's patted the pretty rumps of a lot of women since Clara died. She's only a pinch of snuff in the palm of my hand. This is what they come to," he said, shaking so much that he had to stand up, and precisely he set the box down by the salt and pepper shakers, suddenly, as if it were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

searing his hand. "This is what they come to with their suicides and their intellects. They're the stupid ones. They go crazy. They go crazy and eat dirt."

Jerking the chair far out with an elaborate gesture, he sat down again, pressing his forehead against the table's edge. After a while he spoke to the floor: "It's over me like a ton of water, the things I don't know. Sometimes I feel like a dumb crab, like a seaworm." When he lifted his head to see my face, there was a red mark across his brow from the table.

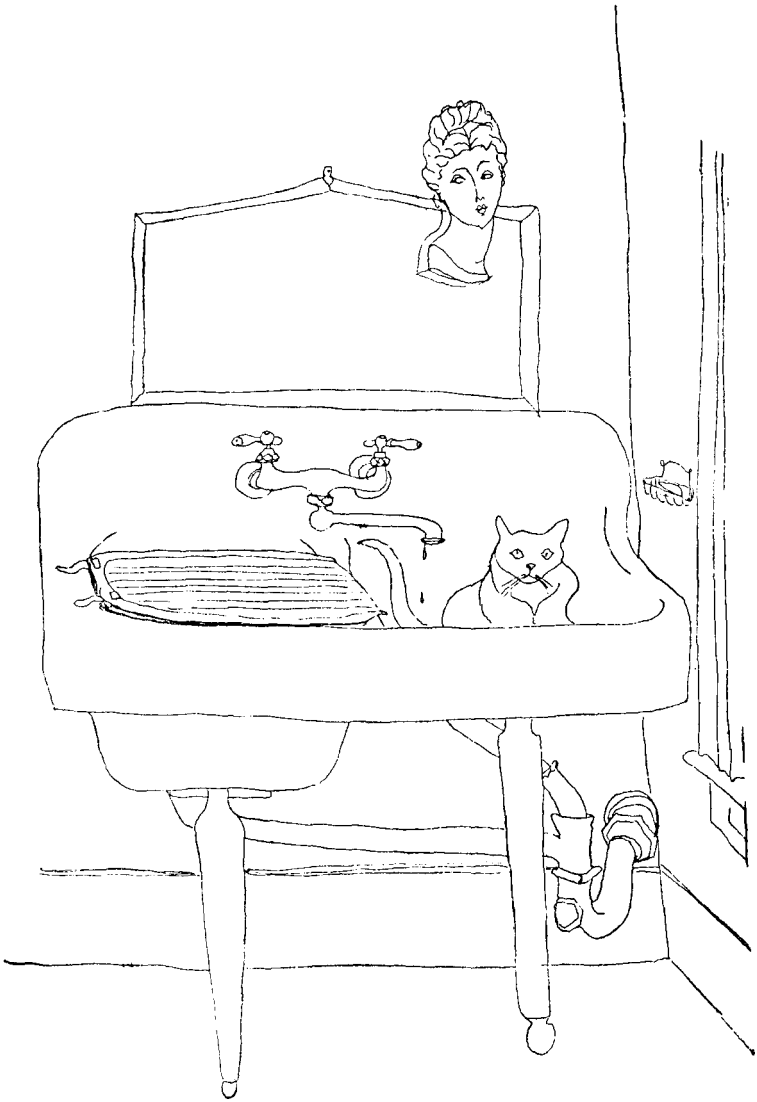
FIESOLE: 1560

"The August heat invades my lady's chamber:
Italian afternoons, madame, are long,
And life more passionate, and lust less wrong,
Women more indolent, and men less sombre;
My Northern lady scorns even the amber,
The less-than-gold, my trifles, and her doves
That flutter round her ears live out their lives
Disdained, such gentle birds. Donna, remember

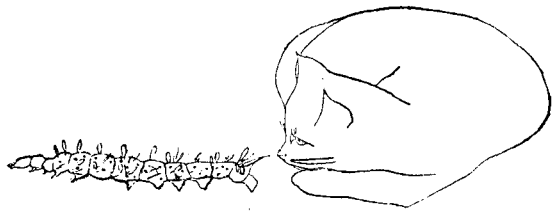
Those beaks no longer bear a virgin's fate."
And yet, beneath their casement the trouvere,
So lightly heard, sings of the godlike swan
That sired Helen: and in a colder climate
Old Breughel draws a ring round Calvary
To hold the death and passion of a man.

—STEPHEN ORGEL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



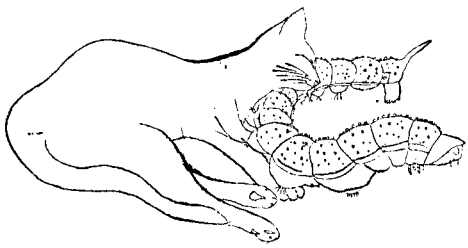
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



JEAN JONES

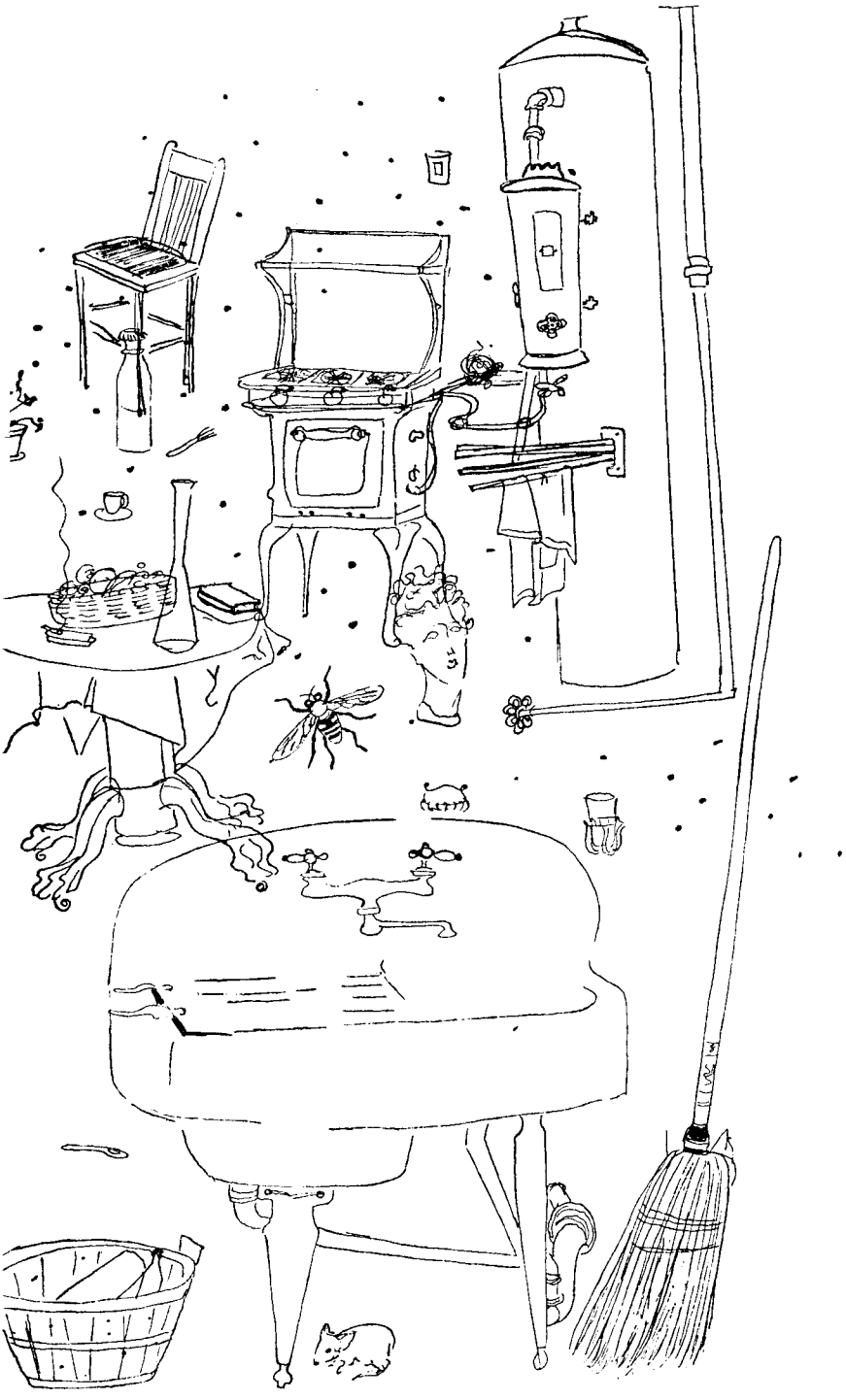
is a former New York fashion model with no formal art training, but with a solid and growing reputation for her paintings as well as for her drawings. She is by nature a voyager and has spent winters on sailboats off the Florida coast, summers in suburban Westport, and years in a waterfront section of Brooklyn. But no matter where she works, she sees her subjects with the same delicate, sometimes zany, humor and draws them with the sure fineness which is especially her own. The result is a delightful collection of work which has the importance of complete individuality, a quality New York's Metropolitan Museum recognized last year in buying one of her oils.

—B.F.



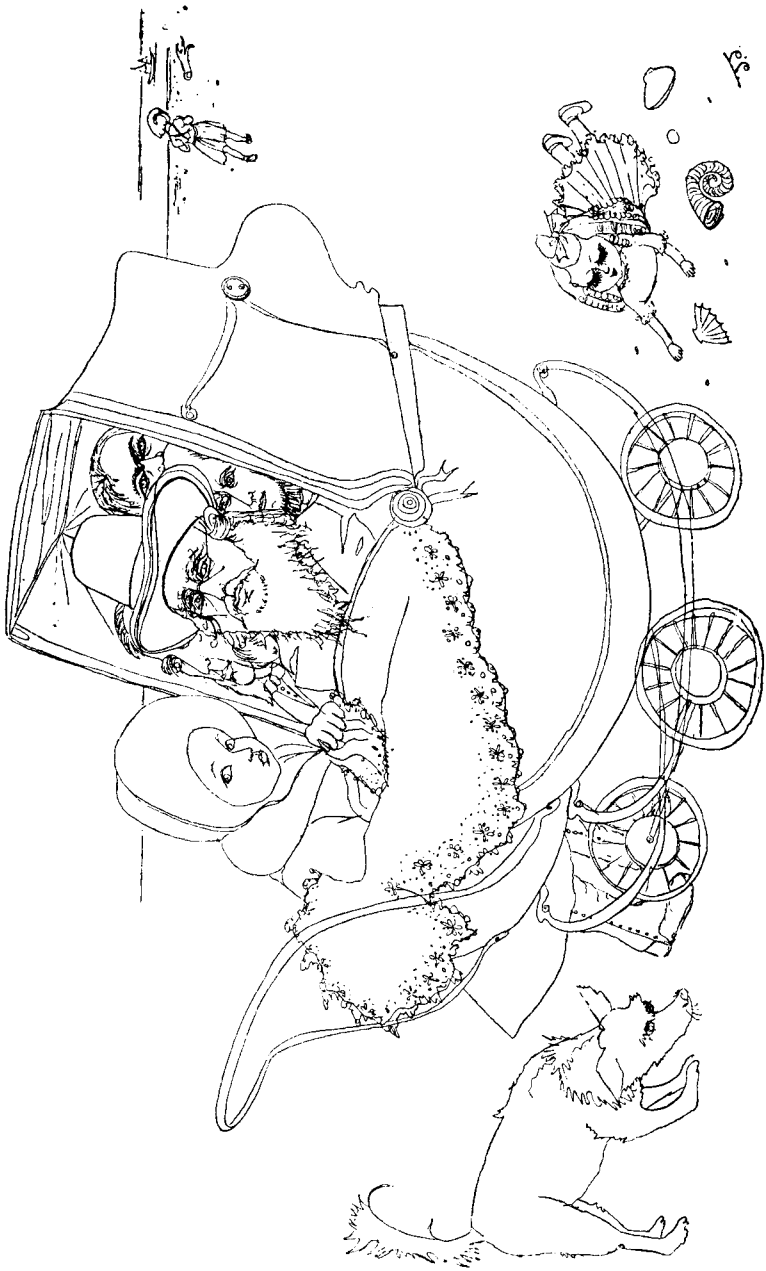
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWO POEMS BY TOM GUNN

JULIAN THE APOSTATE

Lictor or heavy slave would wear it best,
The robe of uncapricious Emperor,
Waging a profitable war, at least
Knowing rule lay in gathered fold, not them.
But Julian bursts the doubly sacred hem;
Weighted enough by every growing hair.

Born in mid progress of his history
He is perceptive of the sudden wrong
In those deliberate laws he framed today:
The absolute is hard to formulate:
Failure, desire, seek out their man; the date
Is relative, they die once they belong.

High in the palace, his concern is more
With a spirit self-created but cross-bred.
He sees them gather, reach the great church door,
Waving red flowers; from it frost: the bands
Of monks emerge with axes in their hands.
They swim among the pagans, white on red.

No subject can divert his cold resolve
To fix a question that, eluding name,
To make corporeal would be to solve.
The answer lies in some embodiment
Of question mark itself, not what is meant:
He stoops within that hypothetical frame.

Then strains to lift his bones erect, and fling
To the pure will of exclamation mark
In the discovered or discovering.
At length he pulls the only exclamation
Complete towards him, his assassination;
And greets an outrage of the simpler dark.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NATURE OF AN ACTION

I

Here is a room with heavy-footed chairs,
A glass bell loaded with wax grapes and pears,

A polished table, holding down the look
Of bracket, mantelpiece, and marbled book.

Staying within the cluttered square of fact,
I cannot slip the clumsy fond contact;

So step into the corridor and start,
Directed by the compass of my heart.

II

Although the narrow corridor appears
So short, the journey took me twenty years.

Each gesture that my habit taught me fell
Down to the boards and made an obstacle.

I paused to watch the fly marks on a shelf,
And found the great obstruction of myself.

I reached the end but, pacing back and forth,
I could not see what reaching it was worth.

In corridors the rooms are undefined:
I groped to feel a handle in the mind.

Testing my faculties I found a stealth
Of passive illness lurking in my health.

And though I saw the corridor stretch bare,
Dusty, and hard, I doubted it was there;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Doubted myself, what final evidence
Lay in perceptions or in common sense?

III

My cause lay in the will, that opens straight
Upon an act for the most desperate.

That simple handle found, I entered in
The other room, where I had never been.

I found within it heavy-footed chairs,
A glass bell loaded with wax grapes and pears,

A polished table, holding down the look
Of bracket, mantelpiece, and marbled book.

Much like the first, this room in which I went.
Only my being there is different.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CUPID ALOFT

Love in a maze destroyed his force
  Regretting free and sunny days.
He mastered compass, chart and course
  And sent his art in unknown ways.

Beneath his cunning hand behold
  A pair of straining wings arise
Which he has fashioned from the gold
  Of sunlight interlaced with sighs.

Aloft! Aloft! The giddy boy
  Soars wide and wider in his flight
While smaller to his down-cast eye
  The plowman stumbles toward the night.

Who can resist the naked sun?
  Once free beyond those narrow walls
He flies too near, and, wings undone,
  All sighs evaporated, falls.

Since when, afire with envy, Love
  Hunts human flesh with his short bow.
Which of us has not glanced above
  From his dark labyrinth below?

—ROBERT LAYZER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THREE SNOWMOODS

I

I turn to enter, turning from those frozen
Sunfields, when I see the rage of flakes,
Diminished into shaves of gold, and streaming
Each its up or down, until it strikes
Out of that suncaught area. This depth
Of air on fire will reel within my mind,
When summer shines a spin of pollen, leapt
Up madly to my careless eye. No doubting
Much of flux careens unseen by eyes
Where we walk knowingless: a different sun,
A rare careen of brilliance takes the eye.
Zeus came in a golden shower, seeding Danae
With violent light, until she burned all known.
But we must wait for sun on snow so long
That analogues of sunrage fail our minds,
And realms of sense in spin lack issue, One old
Claim of thought had guessed us all such spin,
The heart and tendon, genitals and hands,
A gross and ceaseless churn of atoms destined
To the finer airs at last. Or why
Do I turn back to stare such rage of flakes?

II

Every change that winter could astound
Me with might start here, now alone in snow,
Beside a bridge, in air that lack of sound
Weighs down, and there the bank of pines that grow
Without me. Lord the massive snow surrounds,
Until the pressing scene lends weight to match
This grand downdrift of massless flakes. Oh pounds
Uncountable of me weight down the patch

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of snowsoil I am standing on. Oh change,
Surprise me now with purpose which had lost
Its name, and losses which breed strength for strange
Redemptions. Vacant realms in me are crossed
And livened by an inner fall of peace,
Which solemn single falls of flake release.

III

I call up yesterday's alarm of storm
That stirred me, walking peaceward in the dusk,
That charged this narrow corridor through pines,
That blew a windy hour wildly warm
For autumn's ways. Oh how could I agree
To guess at weathers then? A hint of sea,

A scent of some disturbance over waters
Found me where I lay last night, and waged
Excitements with my falltime ease of self,
Unrestful sense of absent arctics stirs
Some inner summer: but how was I to guess
At freeze and flake? I would have less success,

I've heard, to plan by starshapes: then I slept.
But now I stand, alarmed by lightfierce shed
Of snow about this corridor of pines,
And sift of flakes through needly pine boughs. Leapt
Up will to summer takes dismay at beauty,
And this newmorn aches the eyes of me.

I'm swiftly taken by a widened sense,
To guess beneath this forest snowgrace, ways
That I had walked through dusk, and snowy season's
Rule inaugurated in immense
Obscurities of silence while I slept.
The lossful pain of yesterdays unkept.

—FREDERICK WILL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENTER MACHIAVEL, WAVING HIS TAIL

The silly fish deceived him
As he approached the creel:
He thought the whole thing real
And his black heart believed him.
And so, for a simple meal,
He contrived to creep
Past fishermen asleep.
  I know it must have peeved him
That I, a sharper angler,
Had acted as his strangler.

I've heard, that in all of Europe,
The English cats are best,
But had this one guessed
That, smooth as a foreign syrup,
I'd have my wrongs redressed?
Though Italian, I felt ill
So I hied me off, until
  I chanced to hear a chirrup.
At the end of the meadow
Waited his beckoning widow.

She was moving at a sparrow
But stopped when I came by
(Triumph in your eye
Shot with a little sorrow
Leaves them far from shy).
I'd hoped she might come
When I killed her Tom;
  Still, her eyes went narrow
Till she gave me her pardon.
Then we passed into a garden.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vengeance is seldom easy
For black-like fears remain
And she thought my pain
Was colicky or crazy.
But courting cats disdain
Kindness from their own:
When she made me sweet moan
  I felt betrayed and lazy,
And thought how the corpse by the river
Would nevermore forgive her.

Living with men has made me
A dialectical cat,
Ergo, I argued that
Her course was to upbraid me:
She refused and she spat
(She claimed no punishment
But held that I'd repent).
  All this was repaid me
When, at the end of the quarrel
I had her over a barrel.

—JOHN HOLLANDER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TOAD AND THE POET

In Montmartre, far from the sea he loved, crippled by arthritis, Corbière nailed up over his chimney the dried carcass of a toad.

As I sat there looking at my toad
dry on the wall,
Tailless, hopping, dead insect-eater,
Breeding in water with a warty skin,
I heard singing through armored cities
the toady flatterer.

High on the Gothic spires of Chartres
toplofty priests
Toadied God and the slave in Versailles
Toadied his mistress with toilet water.
The Fool skipped and jangled his toady bells
While the Sun King laughed and toadied the
stoking sun.

On a philosopher's stage in the
market place,
The toad-eater ate his toads for the mountebank
While hot hands clapped for the cure of poison,
One cry for patronage, one curse for the
serving spirit.

At night I sleep in my room in an
old canoe
And twist from my toad to the ugly sea
With its thin-skinned cover of fancy foam—
L'ancou they call me, spectre of death,
So for my symbol I nailed a toad to the
leaping wall.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My ugly twin on death's red chimney
I fawn before you;
Words cannot fly as my birds of the sea,
Poems search for a servant song to the land
As my toad with his lighthouse eye
keeps my soul's tide.

—JAMES SCHEVILL

EXPEDITION OF A CHILD

when out walked I
down fell the sky,
a backward boom
to scare me by

but still in spite
from crumpled height
my blood was shed
for clobbered right

and slinty eyes
that show up spies
I killed them dead
for getting wise!

when home I came
who sang my name
but dozy room
and picture frame.

—ROLF FJELDE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEADOG AND SEAL

In hill fire Fall
come home from sea,
I climb the shoal
sea-edge to lie
ledged in the sun:
warm and dry
on my rock, vain
as a sunning seal,
I am his twin;
but he slides away
in the tidal run
while I lie high
aground, a hull
stranded free
of the ebbtide pull.

No bell-toll roll
calls me to sea,
wheeled cry of gull
or mackerel sky;
no man in Maine
has strength to ply
the offshore seine
my shipmates haul:
fathoms green
as a mermaid's eye
weight the brine
where their bones lie.
And I, I fill
my dogwatch day
with sail to furl.

Only the seal
in his tide-rip play
will sight that hull,
ship lost at sea

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a seaweed glen.
Diving free
and seaward as men
go down, O seal
once my twin,
what vanity
lies under the sun!
under curved cry
of gull, bell-toll,
where over me
the green hills roll.

—PHILIP BOOTH

A NATURAL DEATH

No lily grows from coal, the obscene mole descends
And wends, bending ahead of pressure from his home,
Digging the window and the door, filing the floor
With teeth and belly, his head a jellied roof.

No garden fills the yard, the nurtured ant arrives
And strokes, cuddling around the bud his antique shears,
Carting the petal and the fern, licking the leaf
With law and sigh, his eyes twin diamond mirrors.

No gardener keeps the peace, blithe animals caress
And clutch, cuddling about the crumbling yard,
Mouthing, mangling an ankle and a silent hoe
With teeth and belly, law and scissoring sigh:

The gardener keeps no peace, the green thumb falls.

—STEPHEN BERG

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARACHNE

Arachne laughed. "You wartier than a toad
old crone, what do you know of artwork, ragged
hag, calling me too beautiful and bold
when I with thread can make a mountain cragged
better than Jupiter with his thunderbolts
if there *is* a Jupiter. See my dove's down colts

browsing a meadow of amazing green,
that grove in which each separate olive seems
ready to pick, that sleeping boy to dream.
The gilded goddess in the woven sun
is I. You needn't cackle, next thing to a hen,
Minerva herself can't do what I have done."

The witch's tatters like a grey cocoon
from which some spectacular moth emerges
fell empty, and staring jeweled farther on
Minerva stood, tall, intense and gorgeous.
The nymphs who had been watching, murmuring, bowed.
One satyr said, "Her goose is cooked," aloud.

"I should merely turn you into an ass,"
Minerva said, "egregious girl, and let
you bray, but at the moment it wouldn't please
one known to be magnanimous. I prefer to forget
your jealous jeering and challenge you instead
to a contest of beauty with shuttle and thread."

An immediate loom appeared next to Arachne's own.
The nymphs came closer, and the laughing satyrs.
Minerva tied her wool onto the beam.
Arachne's wrist as a swift swallow flutters
flew up and down the garden of her colors;
each looked at the other's work like Egypt sculptures

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out of the stiff corners of their eyes.
The goddess chose a suitable scene of triumph:
twelve gods watching while she won the prize,
Athens from Neptune who had only thumped
a horse out of earth with his sea-wet trident.
Herself she pictured in a heavy helmet

holding her invented olive branch—
and in a rainbow mist around this central piece
pictures of mortals who at their lives' expense
compared themselves with gods. One of these
had a woman's head, but her throat of scales
coiled and coiled into hideous green tails.

Arachne's tapestry—she should have seen the hint
and torn apart perfection. Her snow white bull
carrying Europa with sinister intent
in oceanic indigo, his tasseled tail
afloat, seemed to swim the embroidered deep,
a real girl to clutch his horn and weep

looking backward toward the shore where trees
receded as he swam, and dripping from her hand
like blood, slim petals of anemones.
Nymph whispered to nymph Arachne planned
impiously, but as good as Minerva's masterpiece,
to show that gods were human, if not beasts.

The shaggy satyrs regarded their goatlike feet.
Minerva marveled at that boastful blue,
the crying crimson, and inexcusably white
the bull so vivid that the tale seemed true.
She took her shuttle and stabbed the handiwork,
expecting it to bleed. She stood there stark,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

starred with her jewels, eyed like jewelry,
poised to strike, but touched the girl's head.
Shaking with shame, flaming with modesty
Arachne grabbed some strands of the offending thread
and hanged herself, though was not quite dead
when Minerva saw her dangling and felt sad.

"Live and weave," Minerva, pitying, said.
The dying girl shrank to a small ball,
her eyes that saw too much contracted in her head,
the legs she sprouted, hairy, black and tall
were talented at running up a wall.
A clever artist in a bag of gall,

she swings on iridescence, and spins octagons.
Sometimes her radiant prey are butterflies
that breathe with color like the ones she once
worked on her web, more often merely flies.
Whoever met Minerva, except in a poem?
She stitches still, though Athens fell, and Rome.

—HAROLD WITT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUT OF SIGHT OF LAND

It is the star above us makes us see
The distance of the firmament, immensity
Of the green wave that swells beneath the dark.

Who, watching the dappling early sunlight take
The shadow of the birds across the snow
Into the banks and bushes where they go,

And seeing the children on the varied land
Could hear and understand the drowning cry:
"Love, do not turn or I shall sink and die.

"Keep fixed your straight beam and I shall not see
The dark gulf of the wave's immensity.
Remove your holding light—I fall and drown?"

But the ageless night will send no grey dove down
In token on these waters: a ship to move
To a horizon, headlands, shores, a cove

Are part of the necessity of love.
Who hangs alone upon the seabird's cry
And light from a dead star, gets no reply.

And to the desperate eyes all that is given
Is to sense the white bird passing, through an empty heaven
The slow star turning, in the green wave drowned.

—JINNY JOSEPH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DESERTED CHAPEL OF THE HOLY GHOST D.F., MEXICO

And he shall not be narrow or be numb
But shall command his hostages of fear,
He who has bowed his neck to enter here
The gilded fixities of Christendom.

If the great Church be body to the earth
And the Mass bell be bishop to our soul,
Here is no longer compass of control,
Here we must judge ourselves as we are worth.

Not priest, within these slopes of vaulting gold,
Nor suppliant of hope, but visitor
Becomes the failing day's inquisitor
And asks if relics or his eyes be old.

Shall time deny the Dove his princely throne
And act museum for those shining wings?
There is resistance in the death of things,
But nothing has grown older than God's own.

—GEORGE KELLY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHRISTOPHER WANKLYN

NOTES FROM MOROCCO

MARRAKESH

Marrakesh is the essence of cosmopolitanism. Its streets buzz with the dialects of the Sahara and the Atlas mountains. It is the meeting place of all the tribes of the south and the range of costumes found there seems endless. Everything is mixed up. Ancient decaying autobuses, encrusted with barnacle-like children, blunder into the heart of the *medina*, honking their way past donkeys and camels. It is a free and easy place, confident that it is stronger than any of the foreign influences that it indiscriminately allows within its walls.

It is difficult to know quite where you stand in Marrakesh. The one-eyed beggar who was hounding you at noon, hollow-cheeked and chanting bits of the Koran, is suddenly beside you at the bar at midnight, slipping a double brandy into his Coca Cola.

The morals of Marrakesh are lax. Moors tipple shamelessly on the terraces of European cafés, in defiance of law and religion. Nun-like veiled figures in dark glasses accost one in the streets at high noon with unladylike proposals. One has the feeling that Marrakesh has been going, for hundreds and hundreds of years, to the dogs.

Marrakesh is the wicked city of legend to which the young man from the country comes, dreaming of urban wonders

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and rapid glory, and is fleeced of all his savings on the first day. I have observed the phenomenon. Let us take the case of a certain Driss.

Driss arrives, at about five in the afternoon, on the *place* Djemaa el Fna, which is the heart of Marrakesh. It is a large open space, seething with hundreds of people, vibrating with the sound of drums and the chank of bits of metal being rhythmically banged together. There are also, when you get closer, extraordinary stringed musical instruments played by old men in white robes, which look and sound as though they had been constructed as a joke. Each group of dancers, acrobats, story-tellers, comedians and so on, has a dilapidated sunshade behind it, made of grey canvas or bits of matting sewn together and propped up with poles. There are also rows of tents housing little restaurants, barbers and bloodletters, so that the place has something of the look of a shanty town.

Driss wanders about from one group of dancers to another, watches the shake-charmer wooing a cobra, listens for a moment to the story-teller whose audience consists principally of rows of small children sitting round him in a circle, not listening, but watching the acrobats in the next group. Sometimes a hat is passed to him, and he puts on an expression of supreme disdain—it is the Christians with their cameras and flowered shirts who pay.

During the course of his wandering, Driss stops in front of a man who is squatting on the pavement with three cards; a six, a ten, and a two. The man shuffles the cards and challenges anyone to pick out the six, at even odds. Now, Driss was not born yesterday. This card trick is known from Goulimine to Timbuctou, and he has no intention of playing. What he doesn't realize is that for somebody with a slight hankering for easy money, it is dangerous even to watch. Only one young Arab is playing, looking slightly worried and losing more money than it seems likely he would possess. When Driss arrives the game begins to get bigger, with several other people joining in. Driss begins to notice that is really quite easy to spot the six. A man beside him tries to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

persuade him to play—"It is so easy," says this man, and in each successive play he points out, correctly, which one is the six, and then comments that Driss has missed a thousand francs. Driss still remains adamant. A foot in a yellow *babouche* steps out each time on to the six, and its bearded owner collects a thousand franc note.

The six is dealt so that it sticks under Driss's too. "You have won!" they cry, and a thousand franc note is thrust at him. "I wasn't playing," he protests. The man beside him is weeping now, with indignation and fury. "Oh, you fool, you fool!" he cries.

The game continues, and the six is again lodged under Driss's toe, the note is proffered, but he refuses to be drawn in. Then he notices that the six is distinctly dog-eared, while the other cards are not. He begins to weaken. Craftily, he thinks: supposing I did it just once, while they are letting me win... The six is dealt under his toe. He accepts the thousand francs. The cards are shuffled with gesticulation and shouting. The dog-eared six is plainly visible, and Driss steps on it, tendering the original thousand francs. "But you must put up some money too," says the dealer. "Another thousand." A rather confused argument follows, ending when a thousand francs is extracted from Driss. The card under his toe is examined. It is a three, and no longer dog-eared. He notices that the game dissolves as soon as he leaves it. He is boiling with anger and humiliation. This is one adventure he will not relate—unless of course he describes it as having happened to someone else.

Unquestionably the best way to visit Marrakesh would be to drop in it by parachute, coming from somewhere very far away. It is a composite of the surrounding country—the Souss, the Atlas, the Sahara, and it should be seen before them: Under a blue sky, in the middle of a flat plain whose borders are on the Atlas mountains, retaining even until the end of June some teaspoonsful of snow in their crests, surrounded by a meandering dull pink wall and palm trees. From the outside, because it is flat, you can see only the pink

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wall, the palm trees, and the great minaret of Koutobia. Inside all is pink again.

Out from the Djemaa el Fna, the labyrinthine *medina* stretches in three directions. You may come across a *souk*, shaded by a small olive tree and a roof of grape vines, where leather merchants sit in patient rows on a springy carpet of sawdust, waiting for the auction to begin. Or there is the dyers' quarter, a furor of colored skeins hanging in the sun over the street—and further on the rows of iron workers shops, little black and noisy burrows dug in below street level. Children tending the furnaces, soot-black but for a pair of illuminated eyes grin up at you like djinns from a shadow. Unexpectedly, you may arrive at a *fondouk* full of growling camels and expostulating donkeys, where the nomads with something to sell from the coontry tether their animals and bed down for the night.

But no matter how far one walks, it is hard to grasp hold of Marrakesh. It is not a city like other cities. In Paris or New York, for instance, there is always some high spot from which you can say—I have it now, in the retina of my eye, the palm of my hand. In Marrakesh, only perhaps the *mouddin*, singing his lonely call on top of the Koutobia, can feel this way. Never seeing it all together, you cannot think of Marrakesh as a whole. It remains a state of being.

FEZ

(Notes taken before Sultan Ben Youssef's restoration)

Sunday afternoon

Fez lies outside my window, classical, severe, disclosing no secrets. The interior of the *medina* repulses one, throws one back again to the fringes. There is no foothold, no place to sit and reflect, rest for a while and study a map. You must keep walking, down the endless angled streets until you are tired and lost in a huge labyrinth of small alleys, none of which goes straight for more than fifty yards. I hate being

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guided. My first overture toward a new city that I expect to like is to get lost in it. When this happens in Fez a small boy will return you to the outside for a few francs and the city has won again. Yet it is amusing, this contest. Certainly, I have the profoundest respect for my adversary: but I am determined to leave here possessing something of Fez, some infinitesimal portion of its secret, locked in my brain...

I found myself in the wonderful descending street that leads down like a mineshaft to the jewel at the heart of the city, the *Zaouia Moulay Idriss*. I passed through the *Souk Attarine*, hanging with silks and chiffons, smelling of incense and perfumed woods, and was suddenly before the holy precincts of the sanctuary, the most sacred place in all Morocco. Through a doorway I had a glimpse inside the *Zaouia:* a miracle of white light, white-robed brethren of the fraternity, praying women, a suggestion of fountains, the glitter of innumerable low-hanging chandeliers. *Moulauy Idriss*, saint and founder of Fez is buried here; the *Zaouia* is both a shrine and the seat of a religious fraternity. One can only glimpse through the door and pass on. The sight is not for the eyes of Nazarenes, and it is in bad taste to linger.

In a few minutes I had achieved one of my objectives: I was utterly lost, in a neighbourhood that was ringing with the din of hammers beating on copper. In every shop and booth the displayed plates, trays and samovars reflected the sun all round me in a hundred metallic variations. I wandered further, through streets banked with meat and vegetables like an endless still life, crossed and recrossed the river over crumbling small bridges until I came to a small *place* with a very ornate and lovely fountain—a single brass tap, rather, set in an alcove of delicate mosaic and carved cedar. I knew from photographs that this was the *Place Nejjarine*, but that was of no help in orienting myself. My feet hurt, and above all I was thirsty. But Fez jealously offers no resting place nor even, during Ramadan, a place to eat or drink since all the restaurants in the *Medina* are shut because of the fast from dawn to sunset. The city confuses the intruder with its labyrinth of alleyways, until he is ready to surrender. I paid

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my thirty francs forfeit to a small boy, and was returned to my hotel.

Sunday Night

I have made another sortie, with hardly greater success. After sunset I took to the *rue Talaa* again, in the direction of *Moulay Idriss*. In the little shops trade had stopped for the moment, and everyone was crouched over their bowls of soup and parcels of dates and fruit. Innumerable points of yellow light came from private sources, so that a booth or an alcove became for the moment a dramatic tableau, and the murmuring darkness was left undisturbed. There is as much activity as during the daytime, but it is calmer, more social. Groups of people sit around the little shops, in doorways or in the street outside small cafés that have neither chairs nor tables but only straw mats; they drink tea, chat, and smoke hashish in long thin pipes.

I had arrived three times at the same crossroads, and decided that perhaps after all, a little help might be a good idea. I seemed to be magnetized to the same area. I stopped at the crossroads, looked lost, and waited. Presently a very solemn small boy in a well cut *djellaba* offered his services. His name was Mohammed, and he led off at once, keeping slightly in front of me and walking rather too fast. He was not well up on his public monuments, and restricted his comments to a solemn enumeration of the obvious. "*Ça, c'est une mosquée*," He wasn't sure which. "*Ça, c'est un marchand de cuivre*." He indicated a shop which held nothing but copper objects and the *marchand* himself. But he was informative in other respects. I took out a cigarette and struck a match: Mohammed wagged a cautious finger. "In the daytime," he said, "it can be seen that you are not a Moslem. At night... a glowing cigarette in Fez can bring a pistol shot, or a knife thrust." He shrugged. "*C'est la politique. Ici personne ne fume*." That is not strictly true, but the situation is taken very seriously, and certainly nobody smokes openly in the streets of the *medina*. Cigarettes are made by the French, and the anti-French movement is.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ambitiously trying to kill the industry. They never will, of course, by this method, but it gives the terrorists an opportunity to test their hold on the people. Decrees prohibiting the smoking of cigarettes appear in the form of leaflets, which are clandestinely circulated by the *Istiqlal*, or nationalist movement. Transgressors are violently dealt with by the terrorists, the "Black Hand" as they call themselves. To the average urban Moor this is a mysterious force, akin to djinns and evilspirits. "Have you seen a tobacconist in the *medina?*" asked Mohammed. I said I hadn't. "*Eh, voila!* Because there are none. If someone opens a tobacconist's shop, puf!—he is shot. Thirteen have been killed so far." He spoke, this child of about ten, as though he were explaining some perfectly natural state of affairs. "You see," he went on solemnly, "we are all together, we Moslems. Puf! Through the head. Thirteen."

We threaded our way through the narrow streets in silence for a while. Then Mohammed resumed his role of guide. He pointed to the right. "*Ça c'est un coiffeur.* And now, one must go home, it is too late to be in the streets."

Tuesday

I took on a new guide—Hassan, a young theological student. Our trip has done much to assist my slowly forming picture of the features of the city. There are moments when you can look about the *medina* and find nothing to detract from the illusion of being in the middle ages. Electric light bulbs, perhaps, but they are dim and give a private, candlelike light. Or the sound of a radio, but the radio is playing Arab music, with singers and lutes. And apart from the buildings, the unpaved streets, the evidence of everything being made by hand all round one, there is a feeling of calm on the faces of the people, of disregard for time, which is quite unknown to the modern occidental world. The leisurely, rhythmical work of tailors or wood-workers goes on well into these *Ramadan* nights, but it is mindless and unhurried work, done as somebody might knit. At this season—the end of May—there seem to be no

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other tourists in Fez. Indeed, in the *medina* I doubt whether I have seen half a dozen Europeans.

Thursday

Each night, just before sunset, when the interminable last half hour of fasting is nearly over, I go through the *Bab Bou Jeloud*. Moors who have spent the last thirsty hours crouched asleep in some corner of shade are stirring now, fetching water and bowls of *harira*, the thick spicy *Ramadan* soup, from their houses, or from the cauldrons in the doorways of little restaurants. Milk is being ladelled into glasses, and sits waiting on the tables of cafés. Children cross the square splashing water out of basins. Then the gun goes off, the deep explosion of an old cannon that can be heard throughout the *medina*.

In Tangier, a cheer goes up at this moment. Fez is more restrained. There is a great sigh, followed by the noise of slurping soup. The *mouddin* appears on the balcony of a nearby minaret and begins his strained, hooting call to prayer, once from each of the four corners.

It has become a regular practice for me to join Hassan and some of his friends in the evening for the *Ramadan* 'breakfast' on the terrace of one of the cafés in the little square near my hotel. We sit around the table, drinking *harira* from little decorated bowls. There are seldom enough bowls to go round, so you simply reach for the nearest one when you feel inclined. It is the same with the glasses of mint tea. And usually someone brings a parcel of dates, and there is the delicious honey-cake, a *Ramadan* specialty, to eat with the soup. And bread, and great quantities of water, for it is thirst above all, more than hunger, that first demands satisfaction. I am seldom allowed to pay any of this. The hashish pipe can be displayed to public view, but cigarettes are lit furtively under the edge of the table and kept hidden in a half closed hand. Except for a tall and lanky person called "Colon" or "Le Noir" because he is jet black and was once in the French army: he professes disdain for the whole business and smokes quite openly. I think the others are impressed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I have been taught how to play *rhondda*, a favourite card game throughout Morocco. It is played with a tarot pack, and is childishly simple: or rather, it would be simple if it were not vastly complicated by the crowd of 'kibitzers' who poke their fingers into your cards and offer a ceaseless torrent of advice. Some of them are also passing information to your opponents. Your opponents too must be watched very carefully or they will pick up more cards than they should from the table. Everyone, in fact, cheats as hard as they possibly can. Including me. And it is necessary, when caught cheating, to put on a theatrical performance of protested innocence, indignation, and slights against the ancestry of anyone who could make such a vile suggestion. So the game, when you get the hang of it, is quite interesting. Fortunately, we don't play for money.

Monday

The night is filled with sounds. First, there were the pipes from the mosques, the pipes of *Ramadan*, strange wailing snake-charmer sounds, always playing the same beautiful meandering tune over and over again. There are so many mosques, so close together in Fez, that it seems as though a web of music were formed over the city. Then, after a silence, there are the trumpets, sounding single notes in deep strident blasts—all the same notes. Close, they are loud and brassy, and in the farthest distance, wailing and forlorn. Lastly, and it is going on now so I suppose it must be about three in the morning, the noise of people walking up and down the streets banging rhythmically on the doors, first of one side, then the other. The significance of this is pleasant: to wake people up so that they can eat the last and biggest meal of the night before the next day's fast begins. In *Fez Djedid*, the 'new' part of the *medina*, built in the 13th Century, they have drummers walking the streets at this time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wednesday

It is the twenty-seventh night of *Ramadan*, the feast of *El Kadr*, the night when the spirit of the Koran descended on the Prophet. It is normally characterized by celebration, feasting, staying up and open, wearing the best clothes—and that in Fez, which is the richest and best dressed *Medina* of Morocco, would be worth seeing.

I knew there was something wrong, even before asking. All the shops were shut, and none of the stalls selling honey cakes were there. In the gardens of the Sultan's palace, there were no lights in any of the cafés. In the square where I sat with my friends drinking *harira* there was a sinister expectant quiet, as though everyone silently shared some dreadful knowledge. Nobody was dressed up. If anything, they were shabbier than usual. My friends, for the first time, were uncommunicative. Even Colon, whom I sat beside, had lost his negro insouciance, and was sunk in gloom. I didn't like to ask questions. We stared across the empty square without speaking and met the moody stares of the people on the other side. "*Il y a une grande tristesse*," said Colon.

A squad of French police armed with rifles marched through the archway, their heels crunching rhythmically on the paving stones. They went across the silent square and disappeared into the *medina*. Nobody spoke.

Native police, too, were suddenly in evidence. There were two by the arched gate, one at each door of the mosque, one at the entrance of every street coming into the square. All carried machine guns. The air was heavy with the dank smell of fear and bewilderment, pregnant with riot.

"Everyone is afraid," said Hassan. He bent under the table and lit a furtive cigarette.

There was to be no celebration: instead, an anti-feast. The "Black Hand" had distributed pamphlets prohibiting anyone from honoring the "false" Sultan by wearing their best clothes. They were told to shut their shops, stay indoors, wear their worst.

"You will not walk in the *medina* tonight," one of my gui-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

des told me. "You will go back to your hotel." And this is why on the night of El Kadr, I am not walking about the streets of Fez as I had planned, but sitting in my hotel room at eleven o'clock. I have my small particle of Fez, securely and forever mine, but it is not what I expected it to be. It is a share in the great sadness that hangs over this city.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Fiction

GINA BERRIAULT *(Around the Dear Ruin)* is a native Californian and lives on the water's edge across the bay from San Francisco in a house formerly inhabited by Jack London. A mother and a part time librarian, her stories have been published in *New World Writing*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and *Partisan Review*, among other magazines. She is at present working on a novel and a play.

OWEN DODSON *(The Summer Fire)* is an Associate Professor of Drama at Howard University. A book of poems, *Powerful Long Ladder* (1946) and a novel, *Boy at the Window* (1951), were published by Farrar, Strauss.

JOHN LANGDON *(The Blue Serge Suit)* was born in Los Angeles in 1913, graduated from high school there, and worked at a number of jobs including tunnel stiff on the Los Angeles aqueduct. When first published by *Story* magazine in 1944, he was an electrician in the merchant marine, sailing the Pacific out of west coast ports. He is now living in Oaxaca, Mexico, working on a novel for publication by MacMillan.

Interview

JEAN STEIN has recently been appointed Feature Editor of THE PARIS REVIEW. She studied at Wellesley and the Sorbonne and has worked as an assistant to Elia Kazan in both film and stage work.

Portfolio

PIERRE SCHNEIDER (text on Ottaviano) is one of the leading young French critics. Two books of his essays, *La Voix Vive* and *Les Cinq Saisons*, have been published by Editions de Minuit.

Chronicle

CHRISTOPHER WANKLYN *(Notes from Morocco)* is a Canadian writer who lives in Tangier.

Poetry

STEPHEN BERG *(A Natural Death)* is a senior at the University of Pennsylvania and the editor of *New Ventures*.

PHILIP BOOTH *(Seadog and Seal)* lives in Hanover, New Hampshire and has published poems in *The New Yorker*, *The Hudson Review* and other magazines.

BARBARA DEMING (*Song*) a graduate of Bennington College, has contributed to *Chimera* and *The New Yorker*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROLF FJELDE *(Expedition of a Child)* is a former editor of *Poetry* (New York).

ANDREW GLAZE *(St. Jerome)* works on the staff of a newspaper in Birmingham, Ala.

THOM GUNN *(Julian the Apostate, The Nature of an Action)*, a graduate of Cambridge University, has published widely in both England and America. This is his third appearance in THE PARIS REVIEW.

JOHN HOLLANDER *(Enter Machiavel Waving His Tail)* is presently a Junior Fellow at Harvard.

JINNY JOSEPH *(Out of Sight of Land)*, formerly a Senior Scholar at St. Hilda's, Oxford, works for a Bedfordshire newspaper.

GEORGE KELLY *(The Deserted Chapel of the Holy Ghost, D.F. Mexico)* is a former president of the *Harvard Advocate* now in the armed forces.

ROBERT LAYZER *(Cupid Aloft)* is a student at the Harvard Medical School.

DAVID LOUGEE *(Her Country Place)* previously appeared in THE PARIS REVIEW No. 6., New Directions, and *The Sewanee Review*.

W. S. MERWIN *(The Station)*, an American living in London, has published two highly regarded books of verse.

EUGENIO MONTALE *(Nuove Stanze)* is generally recognized as the foremost contemporary Italian poet. One of his translators, Ben Johnson, is an Advisory Editor of this magazine, living in Rome. The other, James Merrill, teaches at Amherst College.

HELEN NEVILLE *(Sonnet)* has appeared before in *Poetry* and the *Nation* as well as THE PARIS REVIEW. No. 10.

STEPHEN ORGEL *(Fiesole: 1560)* held the Woodrow Wilson Fellowship for the year 1954–55 at Harvard.

JAMES SCHEVILL *(The Toad and the Poet)* is the author of two books of verse, *Tensions* and *The American Fantasies*.

FREDERICK WILL *(Three Snow Moods)* is a teacher of Classics at Pennsylvania State University. *Accent* has previously published his work.

HAROLD WITT *(Arachne)* has been published by *Poetry* and *Discovery*.

NOTE: The portfolio of drawings by Jean Jones appears by courtesy of Mme Bettina Bergery.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS

A directory to eating, drinking and shopping in Paris. For the convenience of Paris Review readers, an effort has been made to list restaurants and cabarets roughly according to their comparative price ranges. Other establishments are listed alphabetically.

RESTAURANTS, BARS, AND CABARETS

MONTPARNASSE

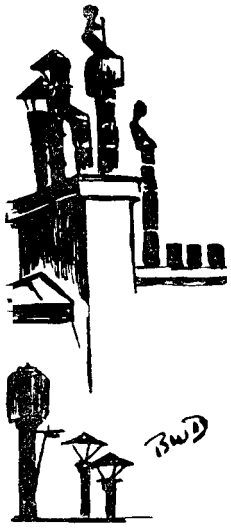
Restaurants

L'Ocean, 32, Boulevard du Montparnasse. Cuisine Savoyarde and coquillage. First class service in chic surroundings. Rather expensive. Member of Universal Travellers group.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dominique, 19, rue Brea, 6e, Dan. 63–92. French and Russian specialities. Reasonable prices. Gay, cosmopolitan atmosphere.

Club Jean Pierre, 4, rue Antoine Bourdelle, 15e, Lit. 59–92. Recommended by Oxford House. A good spot to eat "after the show." Artistes, music, lively. Not expensive.



Restaurant Sainte-Beuve, 8, rue Sainte-Beuve. Greek specialities. Moderate prices. English speaking, family cooking. Artists and their friends.

Murat, 60, Blvd. Montparnasse, Lit. 20–60. A good cheerful little eating place, good service... personal attention at moderate price. Typically French.

Chez Ernest, 53, rue du Montparnasse Ode. 87–19. Good French food at moder ate prices. Personal service, small and in timate.

Doucet, 25, rue d'Assas (3 min. from Gare Montparnasse). A really good "middle tariff" restaurant, midway between Montparnasse and St. Germain. Good food, carefully served.

Le Nègre de Toulouse, 159, Boulevard du Montparnasse. Cooking in the style of the South of France. Moderate prices. Specialty: Cassoulet Toulousian.

Maison Alaux, 106. Blvd. Montparnasse, 14e, Dan. 54–33. Established in 1910. Alaux is famous as the favorite restaurant of Lenin and Trotsky in exile. Moderate prices.

A la Corbeille, 32, rue Delembre. A favorite of artists and writers. Low prices. Good French cuisine.

De la Bonne Table, 5, rue Sainte-Beuve, Lit. 07–22. Good "family" cooking at very moderate prices. A favorite restaurant of the artists and natives of the quarter.

Vadja, rue du Grand-Chaumiere, 6e. A favorite cheap restaurant of the American artistic colony in Montparnasse. Copious, good food.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bars and Cabarets

Far West à Paris, 3, rue de Maine, 14e, Ode. 22–34. Dinners and dancing with floor show. From 6 p.m. to dawn. Happy and cosmopolitan atmosphere. Good food, not overly expensive.

Le Monocle, 60, Blvd. Edgar-Quinet, Dan. 41–30. Le Cabaret feminin de Paris. Ambiance tres originale. Attractions. Danse.

Les Vikings, 29, rue Vavin. Bar-Americain-Brasserie. Open all night. A favorite of Americans in Paris.

Discotheque de Montparnasse, 27, rue Vavin, Ode. 39–44. Dancing nightly to 2 a.m. in exotic Creole atmosphere featuring fiery punches and uninhibited versions of the Cha-Cha-Cha and Beguin.

Bar des États-Unis, 135, Blvd. du Montparnasse, Dan. 33–26. An excellent bar and eating house for late suppers (up to 5 a.m.). Artists, piano, jazz.

MONTPARNASSE-DENFERT ROCHEREAU

Restaurant du Lion, 11, Place Denfert-Rochereau, 14e, Gob. 41–32. A cheerful eating place 5 minutes from the center of Montparnasse. Good food and pleasant service at reasonable prices. Authentic French "restaurant du quartier".

ST. GERMAIN-DES-PRES

Restaurants

Rotisserie de l'Abbaye, 22, rue Jacob, 6e, Dan. 36–26. One of the best known eating houses in the heart of St. Germain-des-Pres. Medieval atmosphere. Troubadours and minstrels. Fairly expensive. Table reservations.

Au Savoyard, 16, rue des Quatre Vents, 6e, High quality cuisine in the tradition of Savoy. Banquets and wedding feasts catered to in private rooms.

Calvet, 165, Blvd. St. Germain, Lit. 93–51. Coq en pate... Cassoulet... Canard a l'orange. First class food and service, intimate, rather expensive.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

La Grignotière, 29, rue Mazarine, 6e, Ode. 81–58. Every night from 8:30, dining in a gay and pleasant ambiance supplied by house *artistes*. Specialty: Poulet Grignotiere.

Des Gourmets, 19, rue des Canettes. Excellent and reasonably priced cuisine. Specialties: Coq au vin, Canard aux olives.

Eskual-Herria, 5, rue Mabillon, 6e. Basque specialties: "Paella Valenciana", "Piperade du Bearn", "Poulet a la Basquaise". Good provincial cooking, very moderate prices.

Aux Trois Canettes, 18, rue des Canettes, 6e, Dan. 29–62.
Pizzeria Napolitaine, 7e, rue des Canettes, Dan. 27–08.
Two of the very best Italian restaurants in town on the same colorful left-bank street. The Canettes is small and intimate; the Pizzeria, gayer, stays open to 2 a.m. Approximately 2½ dollars a meal.

A la Chaumière Polonaise, 4, rue de l'École de Medicine. A charming, friendly restaurant where one eats "en famille". Specialty: "Borcht avec Ravioli." Reasonable prices.

IVe République, 42, rue Jacob, 6e. A gay and promising little restaurant with a real St. Germain-des-Pres flavour. French and Alsatian specialties at moderate prices.

Chez Jean, 17, rue Gregoire-de-Tours, 6e, Ode. 46–96. Alsatian specialties: "Steak Xavier", "Delice des Vosges". First class provincial cooking. Moderate prices.

Vagenende, 142, Blvd. St. Germain, 6e, Dan. 68–18, Metro-Odeon. Cuisine Bourgeoise Française. A good quiet restaurant. Satisfying food at very moderate prices.

Fleuve d'Argent, 26, rue St. André des Arts, 6e, Dan. 98–21. Chinese and Italian specialties at moderate prices. A cheerful little restaurant just off the Place Saint-Michel. An ideal spot for dinner before a St. Germain-des-Pres floor show. Open till midnight.

Au Pommier Normand, 22, rue Vaugirard, 6e. Very moderate prices. Specialite Savoyarde.

L'Epicerie, 1, rue St. Benoit, 6e, and 6, Blvd. Malesherbes (Madeleine). Two pleasant snack bars where, until 2 a.m., one can eat, drink, or buy groceries.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hounza, 2 bis, rue de l'Abbaye, 6e. Restaurant Vegetarien. Fine vegetarian cooking moderately priced.

Hotel

St. George, 49, rue Bonaparte, 6e. A good moderate priced hotel in the center of the intellectual and artistic quarter. Reservations by mail; pets are welcome.

Bars and Cabarets

Le Bar Vert, 14, rue Jacob, 6e, Dan. 83–07. A small and entertaining bar, "bien Rive Gauche" in style. Djuri Cortez sings and plays the guitar from 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. Minimum 350 francs.

Le Trou Madame, 3, Passage de la Petite Boucherie. "Club Prive" open to all comers, where an advanced Cha-Cha-Cha is danced between sessions of the 15th century jeu of "Trou Madame". Near the church of St. Germain-des-Pres and the Place Furstenberg.

Bar St. Thomas d'Aquin, 3, rue du Pre aux Clercs, Bab. 18–60. An intimate little hotel bar open for breakfast, afternoon tea, and drinking until 2 a.m. in stimulating Spanish atmosphere. Not expensive.

LATIN QUARTER

Restaurants

La Bouteille d'Or, 9, Quai de Montebello, 5e, Ode. 52–58. A good restaurant opposite Notre Dame. Specialite: "La Frecassee de Poulet comme en Provence". Not expensive.

Le Fenelon, 8, Place St. Michel, 6e, Dan. 49–85. A first-class restaurant overlooking the historic Place from a first floor location. Quiet and intimate. Not expensive.

Le Port du Salut, 163, bis, rue St. Jacques, 5e, Ode. 32–03. A friendly and intimate little restaurant. Provencal specialties at very reasonable prices, typically "Rive gauche" cabaret dancing. Open all night except Monday.

Scandia Club, 35, rue Gay-Lussac, Ode. 99–47. A favorite of old timers of the "Colonie Americaine". Excellent Smorgasbord, music and entertainment till 2 a.m. (Average 1200 frs. or 3½ dollars.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coq d'Or, 13, rue Malebranche, 5e, Dan. 25-43. Russian and oriental specialties. Slav atmosphere. Good and reasonable.

Floria, 61, rue Monsieur le Prince, 6e. First class French cooking at moderate prices. Chiche Kebab, Goulache, Chashlik, Koeuftes, etc.

Polidor, 41, rue Monsieur le Prince, 6e. The restaurant James Joyce frequented. The atmosphere of dark wood and polished brass remains; so do the good food and service at low prices.

Le Parthenon, 33, rue des Écoles, 5e, Dan. 37–06. Specialties: Greek, Meditterranean, and Oriental. A good family restaurant. Not expensive.

Sylvain, 5, rue Mignon. (100 yds. from Place Odeon.) Favored by the artists and writers of the quarter as a good, low-priced place to eat daily. Specialties: "Basco-Bearnaise".

Bars and Cabarets

Au Kentucky-Club, 2, rue Valette, 5e, (Metro: Maubert Mutualite). Every evening. New Orleans Jazz and Dancing. Orchestere Rolf Burhar. Genuine "vieux Paris du Quartier Latin".

Chez Moineau, (formerly rue du Four) 10, rue Guenegaud, 6e, Ode. 98–56. Le père Moineau welcomes old friends and new to his guitar club. Cous-cous, ambiance St. Germain, les gens du quartier, low prices.

Le Mas de la Chèvre d'Or, 14, Blvd. St, Michel, Dan. 98–16. One of the better class bar/restaurants of the quarter, where you can eat or drink until midnight in a richly decorated setting, and listen to George Schmidt at the piano.

Caveau des Oubliettes, rue St. Julien le Pauvre. One of the oldest French cabarets. Famous since 1920 for old traditional French songs. Underneath France's oldest church.

Le Tournon, Café-Tabac. A famous literary café, 18, rue de Tournon. Tél. Dan. 16–16.

ETOILE, CHAMPS ELYSEES, AND CONCORDE

Restaurants

La Truite, 30, rue Fauborg St. Honoré, 8e, Anj. 12–86. One of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paris' most distinguished restaurants. Features delicious Norman specialties. On a picturesque court off the Right Bank's chief shopping street. Under the direction of the famous Marcel Dorin.

Chez Francis, Place de l'Alma, Ely. 79–11. A famous cafe and restaurant, rendezvous of leading writers, actors, playwrights. Pleasant view from terrace. Grill room, excellent food, not inexpensive.

Manoir Normand, 77, Blvd. Courcelles. One of the better first class eating places. "Poulet a la broche" served in fine old world comfort. Fairly expensive.

Moscou, 7, rue Jean Giraudoux, 16e, Pas. 21–25. The oldest Russian restaurant in Paris. Russian and French specialities. Excellent service, intimate, and not at all expensive.

A la Bonne Cuisine, 24, rue Brey, 17e. An excellent "family" restaurant, two minutes from l'Étoile. Food is good, inexpensive, rapidly served.

Le Trocadero, 44, rue de Longchamp, 16e, Pas. 52–89. Good family food in clean surroundings. Complete meal for 300 francs.

Bars

Mars Club, 6, rue Robert Estienne, Ely. 47–99. Open all night for the convenience of those who must sleep days.

Ascot Bar, 66, rue Pierre Charon, 8e, Ely. 28–15. A good meeting place in the center of the Champs-Elysées district. Bar and music to early morning hours. Johnny Gluck and Maurice Rezeau.

PALAIS ROYAL

Restaurants

Au Caveau Montpensier, 15, rue Montpensier, 1er, Ric. 82–96. Fine old 17th century restaurant. Good food and drink at moderate prices.

Pharamond, 24, rue de Grande Truanderie, Les Halles, Gut. 06–72. An excellent rendezvous for dinner before the show. Two minutes from Théâtres du Châtelet and de Sarah Bernhardt.

Vesinet des Halles, 1er, rue Lavandières, Cen. 73–68. A quaint restaurant just behind the Théâtre du Châtelet, cozy and charming, not expensive.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Belvédère, 5, Place du Théâtre Français, corner of Ave. de l'Opéra. Friendly atmosphere and fine view of Paris. Excellent meals under 500 francs.

Toot's, 8, rue Boudreau, 9e, Ope. 53–49. A cheerful little bar and restaurant. Good food, "ambiance sympathique", ideal for a drink or meal before the show.

Hamburger, 19, rue Antin, 2e. Quick service, French and American cooking. Prices moderate: "A la carte – Prix fixe."

Vers, 40 Place du Marche St. Honoré, 1er. A first class family restaurant, just off the Ave. de l'Opéra. Inexpensive. A place to eat each day.

Bars and Cabarets

Milord l'Arsouille, 5, rue de Beaujolais, Palais Royale, Cen. 88–14. Night club. Floor Show. Bar. Attractions in a genuine setting of the French Revolution.

Le Sympa, 25, rue Royale (Cité Berryer) 8e. A pleasant and intimate little bar, two minutes from the Place Concorde.

MONTMARTRE

Maison Catherine, 6, Place du Tertre, Mon. 32–69. "Chez la Mère Catherine", one of the landmarks of Montmartre, founded in 1793, famous for fine food, pleasant garden.

La Crémaillière, 15, Place du Tertre. Dancing and drinking until all hours in the outdoor garden setting of a traditional auberge.

Le Consulat, 18, rue Norvins, Place du Tertre, Mon. 50–63. One of the fine old restaurants. A lively atmosphere. Old songs of Montmartre. Meals and drinks at modest prices.

Chez Toutoune – La Maison Rose, 2, rue de l'Abreuvoir, Place du Tertre. A charming little restaurant, rather lower in price than the rest of the quarter. Basque specialties. Singing until all hours.

Au Pierrot de la Butte, 41, rue Caulaincourt, Mon. 78–58. An intimate little restaurant, midway between Pigalle and the Butte, and at slightly lower prices. Specialty: Gratin de Langouste Thermidor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chez Marianne, 72, boulevard de Clichy, MON 10–81. One of the best old established restaurants in the districts. Decorated by Guy Arnoux in the true Montmartre style. "Croustillon Marianne", "Rognons de Veau flambee". Around $4.

Au Relais Normand, 32, rue d'Orsel, 18e. First class, plentiful cuisine in the best Normand tradition. Old world decor, intimate, with quick service. Moderately priced.

Restaurant Franco-Italien, 8, rue Aristide-Bruant, 18e. A middle tariff eating house, conveniently situated between La Butte and Pigalle. Italian Specialties, generous quantities.

Chez Grand Mère, 5, rue Fontaine, TRI 31–2. A pleasant little bar-restaurant, open all hours. Good food and all manner of drinks. Not very expensive.

Chez Isidore, 6, rue des Abbesses, Mon. 81–48. An old established eating house at the foot of "Sacré Cœur". Cooking at best pre-war standards. Extremely moderate prices.

A l'Esterel, 8, rue Tardieu, MON 05–02. One of the few moderately priced restaurants at the foot of the hill. Good French food, and a Prix Fixe for the not too rich.

Bars and Cabarets

New California Bar, 3, rue Frochot, 9e. A warm welcome at the end of a long day. Drinks, music, and charming company. A good spot to loosen your collar and relax. Not expensive.

RESTAURANTS DES QUARTIERS DIVERS

Ferrari, 45, Ave. Rapp, 7e, Seg. 82–98. One of the better French-Italian restaurants. Chic and not too expensive. Advisable to reserve a table.

La Roseraie, 43, Ave. des Ternes, Eto. 19–28. A good restaurant. French cuisine with Italian specialties. Reasonable prices. Good rendezvous for Sallee Pleyel and Wagram.

Pullman Bar, 192, rue de Grenelle, 7e, Inv. 99–77. Five minutes from Eiffel tower. Good food and music till 2 a.m. Specialités Provençales. Your Corsican host: Straboni. Not expensive.

Madame Albert, 27, rue Casimir Perrier, 124, rue de Grenelle, 7e. A comfortable and well-known old restaurant with a loyal following. Specialties: "Raviola" and "Poularde Sauce Suprème". Fine cooking. Medium prices.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chez Laudrin, 154, Blvd. Pereire, 17e, Gal. 87–40. First class French and Provencial cooking by "le patron" himself.... for those who enjoy good food. Very reasonable prices.

Auberge du Cadron Bleu, 1, Rond Point de la Reine Boulogne. Good French cuisine and warm hospitality. Fifteen minutes from center of Paris. Moderate prices.

Le Clichy, 13, Blvd. des Batignolles, 8e. A good little restaurant, not expensive, next to Pigalle. Excellent for rendezvous and meals before the show.

J. Vaysse, 17, rue des Deux Ponts, Ile St. Louis, 4e. Recommended for the not very rich. Excellent food. Frequented by the workers and artisans of the quarter.

SHOPPING IN PARIS

SAINT GERMAIN DES PRES

ACCESSORIES, Madeleine, 46, rue de Seine, 6–. Frivolités pour les dames, scarves, lingerie, gifts, etc.

ANTIQUES, Jeanne-Marie Beaulu, 169, Blvd. St. Germain, 6e. LIT 46–53. 18th century porcelains and petits-meubles de Paris.

ART MATERIALS, The Paris American Art Co., 2, rue Bonaparte, 6e. Everything for the artist and sculptor, whatever the medium.

ART SUPPLIES, Le Cadre Tous Style, 5, rue Jacques Callot, 6e. Paints, canvases, brushes, and all other accoutrements for the artist.

CHAPEAUX, Lory, 2, rue d'Aumale, 9e. TRU 84–29. Ladies hats – Spring and Summer collection. Haute mode, and less costly than elsewhere.

CURIOUSITÉS. R.d'Anvers, 22 rue Jacob. Objets d'art. High-quality at reasonable prices. Open late. English spoken. Dan 59-08.

COUTURE, Domino, 61, rue Pigalle. Scarves, presents and frivolités pour dames.

DECORATION, Jean Rancon, 23, rue du Bac. Everything for the modern home chosen with exquisite taste: fabrics, furniture, frivolities.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOOTWEAR, Les Créations Édouard Clairvoy, 17, rue Fontaine, 9e. Master shoe-maker. Ladies' and gentlemen's shoes to measure.

FOOTWEAR, J. Vigorie, 14, rue du Pre-aux-clercs, 7e. Master shoe-maker. Shoes and boots to measure, all repairs.

FRAMES, Jean Estève, 3, rue Jacques-Callot.

GIFTS FOR THE HOME, Talma, 10, rue des Saints-Peres, 6e, LIT 10–89. Tissus d'ameublement et de fantasie. Chintzes. Petits objets d'art. Gifts. English spoken.

HATS, Yvonne Brazeau, 53, rue de Seine, 6e. Chapeaux pour dames, scarves, stockings, lingerie, gifts, etc.

JUMPERS, GLOVES, FRIVOLITIES, Gisele X, 8, rue du Four, 6e. Small articles and presents.

PRESENTS, Galerie Guisarde, 21, rue Guisarde, 6e. Wide variety ceramics, tableaux; furniture in wood, wrought iron, cloth.

TRINKETS, L'Écrin des Gemmes, 9, rue Saint Suffrin. A pleasing little shop stocked with curios, bijoux, and petits objets. Presents at all prices.

ECOLE MILITAIRE

BOOTS, Guilloux-Malfroid, 35, ave. de la Motte Piquet. Riding boots, Jodphur boots, children's boots. Bottier auprès de l'école militaire.

PALAIS ROYAL

PERFUMES, For You, 233, rue St. Honore, 1er. American shopping. Finest perfumes, novelties... objets de fantasie... Members of the The Diners' Club.

CHAMPS-ELYSEES-ETOILE

CHAPEAUX, Anny, 13, rue de la Tremoille, 8e. BAL 39–18. An excellent little hat shop, just off the Champs Elysées. Latest spring modes at reasonables prices.

FRIVOLITIES POUR DAMES, Nos Frou Frou, 9, rue Brey, 17e. Les cadeaux chic. Blouses, scarves, stockings, leather belts. Not expensive.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHOES, René Mancini, 20, rue du Coccador, 8e. BAL 42–86. Creator of distinguished ladies shoes.

MONTMARTRE

Galeries, Bookstores, Exhibitions

A la Belle Gabrièlle, 102 bis, rue LePic. Presents, souvenirs, water-colours of the quarter, etc. "Les Futilités du XXe Siècle". All prices.

Galerie Herve, 3, rue Norvins, Montmartre; 611 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. Paintings by *Utrillo, Rouault, Corjov, Buffet, Raffy-le-Persan, Jacus, Jansem, Dragomir.*

Galerie des Moulins, 106, rue LePic. Paintings, water-colours, "et les petits objets". All the articles are made by hand by local artisans.

Galerie Norvins, 20, rue Norvins. Fine selection of paintings and water-colours.

Historial de Montmartre, 11, Passage Trainée, Place du Tertre. "The Madame Tussaud of Montmartre". Unbelievably life-like re-creations in wax, with period costumes and settings, of the great historical events and persons that have rendered "la Butte" famous. 10 A.M. – 7 P.M. English speaking guides.

Keramikos, 42, rue du Chevalier de la Barre (Butte Montmartre). Ceramics, pottery and the famous clay pipe "Le Triskell". Objets d'art created by artisans of Le Triskell, St. Michel de Villefranche, and Nice.

Librairie Lejeune, 54, rue Caulaincourt. A small but efficient French library with most current French editions in stock, and capable of supplying English books at a few hours' notice.

Matériel pour Artistes, Peintres, *J. Weber,* 12, rue Douai, Tri. 54–85. All supplies, colours, canvas, etc., for painters.

Poterie du vieux Montmartre, 98, rue LePic, Mon. 93–81. Studio of *Platon Argyriades.* One of the oldest established master craftsmen. Pottery in the old fashioned style of Montmartre.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKSTORES OF THE LEFT BANK

English Bookshop, 42, rue de Seine. New and second-hand books in English. A wide selection of the latest periodicals.

La Belle Porte, 36, rue des Saints Pères, BAB 12–32. A little bookstore supplying all current art books and poetry. Gallery of contemporary paintings and etchings on 1st floor.

Le Minotaure, 2, rue des Beaux-Arts. Books on the cinema, the arts, surrealism. Unusual reviews.

Librairie, 6, rue Pre-aux-clercs. A good general library that really speaks English.

Librairie-Club, 54, rue Bonaparte, 6e. Take home with you a breath of Paris. Engravings, water colors, lovely cloth-bound books.

Librairie Mistral, 7, rue de la Bucherie. English and French books, prints. Mailing to U.S. Lending library. Open weekly and Sundays noon to midnight.

Marcel Didier, 4 and 6, rue de la Sorbonne. The bookshop of the Sorbonne. Books in all languages.

SPECIALIZED BOOKSTORES

One of the delights of Paris is its multitude of special bookshops, most of them tucked into the side streets of the Left Bank, where one finds collections of new and old books from all over the world on an astonishing variety of subjects. All of the specialized bookstores who advertise below welcome both casual browsers and queries in English from abroad.

AMERICANA & AUTOGRAPHS. **Roux-Devillas,** 12, rue, Bonaparte, 6e. Old and rare books, first editions, miscellaneous rare documents. Quarterly catalogue on request.

AUTOGRAPHS, **Les Argonauts,** 74, rue de Seine, 6e. Literary and historical autographs. First editions, fine books, ancient and modern. Annual catalogue by post.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUTOGRAPHS, **Marc Loliee,** 40, rue des Saints Pères, 7e. Large collection continental and American autographs. Fine books, ancient and modern. Catalogue furnished on request.

AUTOGRAPHS, **G. Morssen,** 14, rue de Seine, 6e. Famous names from the fields of history, literature, music, science, etc.

BOOK BINDING, **René Kieffer,** 18, rue Seguier, 6e. DAN 47–11. Bookseller, publisher, specialist in fine book binding. Illustrated and original editions.

CALLIGRAPHY & BIBLIOGRAPHY, **Paul Jammes,** 3, rue Gozlin, 6e. Livres d'erudition – literary and historical. New and out of print editions. Catalogue on request. Next catalogue will be devoted to Typography.

DOCUMENTATION ON PARIS, **Librairie Barbier,** 14, rue de l'Université, 7e. Ancient and modern charts and documents concerning Paris. Extensive library available for research.

ÉDITIONS DE LUXE, **Maurice Rouam,** 20, rue Mazarine, 6e. Specialist in first editions, and rare, distinguished, hard-to-find books.

FIRST EDITIONS & AUTOGRAPHS, **Bernard Laliee,** 7, rue de Seine, 6e. DAN 53–82. French and Foreign history, literary and artistic publications. Fine books, ancient and modern. Surrealism, memoirs, engravings, etc.

HERALDLY & GENEALOGY, **Emile Saffroy,** 40, rue Mazarine, 17e. Books on heraldry, coats of arms, family origins, etc. Ancient documents. Catalogue on demand.

ITALIAN BOOKS, **Maison du Livre Italien,** 46, rue des Écoles, 5e, Dan. 38–11. Wide selection books in Italian: literature, criticism, general Italian culture.

LIBRAIRIE ORIENTALE, **H. Samuelian,** 51, rue Monsieur le Prince, 6e. Specialized in all ancient and modern books on Near and Far Eastern countries: travel, history, geography, art, and archeology. English spoken. Periodical catalogues mailed to U.S. on request.

PRINTS & ENGRAVED BOOKS, **Marcel Sautier,** 12, rue des Saints Pères, 6e, Bab. 00–35. Contemporary books, first editions. Beautifully bound and engraved books a specialty.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REGIONAL LIBRARY, 140, Blvd. St. Germain. Specializes in books on Provincial France: folk lore, travel' history. Comprehensive editions of regional photos.

SPANISH LIBRARY, 72, rue de Seine, 6e. Books ancient and modern in Spanish, French and English, dealing with Spanish and Latin-American literature, history and voyages. Spanish gramaphone records.

THEATRE, BALLET & CIRCUS, **Librairie S.-Y. Zlatin,** 3, rue Jacques-Callot, 6e. Speciality: ancient and modern books on the theatre arts, the ballet, and circuses. Catalogue by post.

THEATRE & CIRCUS, **Garnier Arnoul,** 39, rue des Saints Pères, 6e, Ode. 80–05. Three catalogues available on request: 1) Theatre; 2) Circus, Mime, and Music Hall; 3) Ballet, Opera, Music. Included: new and old editions, prints, autographs.

THEATRE & DANSE. **Librairie Bonaparte,** 31, rue Bonaparte, 6e. Books rare, old and new on the theatre, ballet, circus, marionettes.

THE ACROBAT

by

GERARD-KORNELIS VAN HET REVE

Four stories in English by one of Holland's outstanding writers. The title story and *Gossamer* appeared in Nos. 5 and 11 of The Paris Review. Also included are two hitherto unpublished stories: *Winter* and *The Foreign Boy*.

232 pages - 7.90 florins

Published by

G. A. VAN OORSCHOT

LONDON/AMSTERDAM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

USL
United States Lines

Travel the "American Way"
on the luxurious ss. "AMERICA"
or on the new
ss. "UNITED STATES"

PARIS
10, rue Auber

NEW YORK
1, Broadway

LONDON
50, Pall Mall

ROTTERDAM
40, Westerstraat

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEAUVILLE

"LA PLAGE FLEURIE"

Easter to October

NORMANDY · HOTEL DU GOLF · ROYAL

CASINO

GOLF (2 courses)
July: 26 to 29, International Senior Cup
August 2 and 3, International Omnium Championship
4 to 7, Grand Prix de Deauville
September 1 to 4, "The Golden Cup"

TENNIS (25 courts)
July and August: International Tournaments

PIGEON SHOOTING
(15 millions francs in prizes)
July 14 to 28

International HORSE SHOW
in July

JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER
40 DAYS OF RACING ON TWO RACE COURSES
(150.000.000 frs in prizes)
August 19, Prix Morny. 26, Grand Prix de Deauville
28, Prix Georges Courtois. 30, Prix de la Côte Normande

SALE OF YEARLINGS
in August

20 POLO INTERNATIONAL MATCHES
August 26, "The Golden Cups (World open championship)

AUGUST
6 Grand Galas at the Ambassadeurs
Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas

2 HOURS FROM PARIS BY RAIL OR ROAD

2 REGULAR AIR SERVICES
to and from England

from Easter
SOUTHAMPTON-DEAUVILLE
by **Silver City** (Several services a day)

from June
LONDON-DEAUVILLE
by **Air France**

Apply to your Travel Agent
CHAIRMAN: FRANÇOIS ANDRÉ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED